

# Newfoundland Quarterly

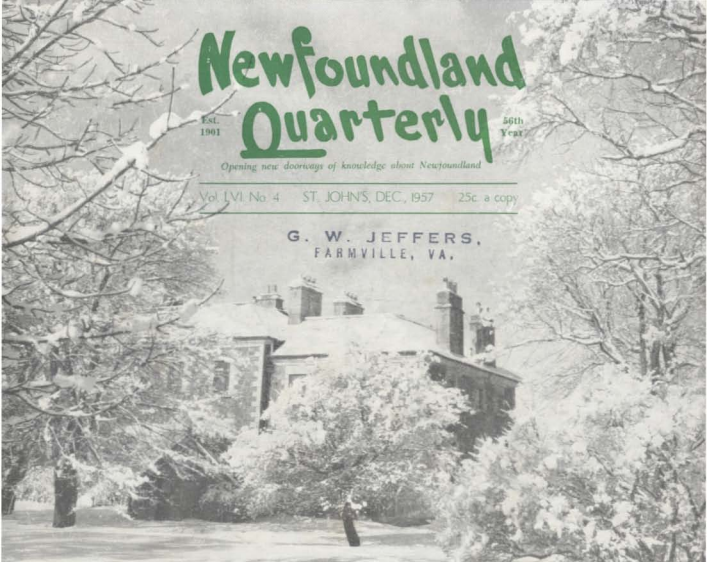
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*Opening new doorways of knowledge about Newfoundland*

Vol. LVI, No. 4 ST. JOHN'S, DEC., 1957 25c. a copy

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# THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY

*Opening new doorways of knowledge about Newfoundland*

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To All Our Readers And Advertisers

**A Merry Christmas**  
and  
**A Happy New Year**

## NEWFOUNDLANDIANA

"BOOKS, to the ordinary mind," said the late D. W. Prowse, in an article on "Books of Newfoundland," "are only so much prepared wood pulp in the form of paper, but to the enthusiast they are living realities associated with one's life and thoughts and aspirations." In the early 1900s a writer in the *Quarterly* said with reference to writing in Newfoundland:

"We are only dimly realizing the great possibilities of a distinctive local literature. The day the writer appears who will touch the hearts of the people and portray with the seeing eye and golden voice the mystery of the sea in its calm and anger, the emotions of the lookout or helmsman on a close-reefed schooner running for shelter, or rounding one of the many dangerous headlands on a dark, foggy night, without accurate knowledge of his whereabouts—trusting to that extra sense possessed in a large degree by our people, which is surer than science and truster than the magnetic needle—or describe fittingly and truly the thousand and one striking incidents that happen almost daily in the lives of our fishermen in pursuit of their calling, that day will be the beginning of enlightenment and the creating of a local literature that will be distinctively our own."

That was written more than fifty years ago, and in the intervening years no one in Newfoundland has produced anything that would approach that ideal.

We have had many essayists and short story writers of ability, but the novelist, as such, has not yet appeared.

There are several reasons for the paucity of books by Newfoundlanders. One of the reasons is financial—the cost of getting books published—another is that the local market for books printed on the Island is so limited that the returns are inadequate and only a person who can afford to take a loss on publication is able to have a book printed and published.

For centuries Newfoundlanders have been an insular people, proudly independent and slow to accept "outlandish" ways and customs, proud to boast of their insularity. Our closest ties were with the "Mother Country" and we have retained and still retain old customs, superstitions and modes of speech that go back to the days of the first Elizabeth, and we cherish these things.

Since Confederation with Canada, however, this situation has changed somewhat and several writers have had books printed on the mainland of Canada and elsewhere and there is a small but growing list of new writers who have "crashed" the mainland market and are availing themselves of the wider market for their product, but this consists largely of the free lance type of article describing some phase of Newfoundland life.

A doctor who spent some years in a Newfoundland outpost said in a recent letter: "I had no idea there was so much history wrapped up in the Island. The poems, the folklore and the historical writings make very interesting reading."

Perhaps nowhere has there been produced a greater variety and number of folk songs than has been produced in Newfoundland. Many of these have been lost, but there still remains a great number, and the late Mr. Gerald S. Doyle gathered and published many of the most popular and most memorable songs. Picturesque and vividly descriptive, composed in the local vernacular, many of our folk songs depict disaster as well as unrequited love. Our singers have injected into their songs and ballads humour and tragedy, struggle and the rollicking life of the fishermen, ghost stories and romance. Almost every tragedy of the seafaring life around Newfoundland has been described by some local bard. Told in narrative style and running to 20 to 30 verses, they are often entirely uninhibited and personal to a degree.

In the realm of poetry there are many compositions that merit perpetuation in an anthology, and some only saw briefly the light of day in the local daily newspapers or in periodicals that have disappeared from publication. *The Newfoundland Quarterly* has for more than fifty years been the one main outlet for many of our local writers and poets, and back issues of the *Quarterly* contain some gems of poetry; here is an example by Eunice Holbrook Ruel of Corner Brook:

A bar where the sunset lingers—  
And trails all her tresses rare—  
To the touch of the crisp waves fingers  
Like a mermaid combing her hair.

A little boat fast at her moorings,  
And tugging to be away,  
A heart like the heart of the ocean,  
Restless, yet longing to stay.

Or this, by the late Dan Carroll: "Forever and Forever:

A sun-kissed wave stole up the beach one day  
The while his mother ocean gently slept;  
Along the pebbled strand in laughter swept  
And kissed a rose-lipped shell and ran away.

Long years have pass'd, and many a storm has flung  
The wracks of gallant ships that beach upon;  
But ever in the shell's deep heart rings on  
The music which that laughing wave had sung.

And thus it is, sometimes from life's dull sea  
And joy-lit wave shall swell our souls to claim  
And teach our hearts the music of a name  
That fills our lives thro' all the years to be.

The great historical novel has not yet appeared, and yet the scope and setting for such work is rich in possibilities. Short stories and historical articles have been produced and have found ready sale in certain markets on the mainland. Apart from Prowse's "History of Newfoundland" no writer has attempted to bring it up to date. There are many aspects of Newfoundland life that have never been touched by our writers, particularly from the historical angle—the seal fishery, shipbuilding and many others offer opportunities for the research writer that has possibilities.

It is hoped that some of our Newfoundland writers will explore the possibilities, not only for a lucrative activity, but to encourage them to produce a literature that is distinctively our own.

A prominent writer has given this advice to fellow craftsmen, and it applies to those who would aspire to establishing a local literature:

"If the writer can, by sheer determination, superior intellect and insight into human nature, keep himself challenged, if he can, so to speak, 'keep his hat in the ring'; if he can set up craftsmanship situations to provide a spiritual value in living—then there is hope, and if his work can be given that mystical and spiritual value, we may be paving the way for 'a golden age in writing?'"

#### ON OUR SOVEREIGN LADY'S WESTERN JOURNEY

**A**N eight-line poem celebrating Queen Elizabeth's North American visit entitled as above from the pen of the Poet Laureate, John Masfield, has been published. It reads as follows:

"Not altogether strange, those distant states  
To which you go as Sovereign or as guest;  
In both, our speech and law are manifest,  
Throughout them both delighted welcome waits.  
Most beautiful, most happy be your stay,  
And when the scarlets of the sumac burn  
And maple forests turn from gold to grey  
May all blest spirits guard your safe return."



## THE DEADHEAD

By W. W. GARDNER

The sound of bare feet padding on the deck . . . "There's someone on this ship as oughtn't to be," said the helmsman. And it was only when Tom's belongings were landed in his home port did the thing that haunted the "Matilda" cease its wanderings. Tom's spirit was at rest.

WE of the Outports live close to the heart of Nature. We see the waters troubled, and the mysterious mist shrouding the shoreline and creeping silently over woods and barrens. We hear voices that to less sensitive ears are no more than the lapping of waves or the shrieking of winds amongst the rock crannies; but we shiver and draw nearer to the light and warmth of the fire. We have learned that not all the real things of life can be laid upon the merchant's counter and measured with a yardstick, nor weighed on the scales of the finest of balances.

When I was but little more than a stripling. I found myself in the midst of one of those experiences which cannot be explained by ordinary standards; and sometimes today, in my old age, I wake with a start and think—for an instant—the rain dripping from the eaves to be the patter of feet upon the deck of the old "Matilda," which has lain upon the beach, a rotting hulk, these many long years.

In the days of which I am thinking, however, the "Matilda" was as sound and pretty a schooner as ever graced a Newfoundland harbour. She was my father's pride and joy, and many a load of salt bulk she brought from the Labrador fishery. It wasn't for nothing that folk all along Conception Bay used to call father "Lucky Bill Furneaux," and his boat the "Lucky Matilda." But it was this same good luck which led us into dark ways of terror.

Practically everyone who had anything to do with the Labrador fishery knew my father; and whoever knew him liked and respected him. Amongst his many friends was a man named Hoskins who lived on a small island not far from Trinity. Now this Hoskins had a son—one of those unfortunate creatures upon whom the gods of Fortune seemed always to frown. In the hope of breaking young Tom Hoskins' unlucky jinx my father one spring consented to take him for a voyage in the lucky "Matilda."

I'm afraid that when we hove to off the island and Tom with his sea chest was rowed aboard he didn't get too warm a welcome from most of our men. In those days travelling wasn't as easy as it is today and people didn't get around any more than they had to. Folk who lived in the next village were little better than strangers, and anyone who lived as far from us as Tom did was just about the same as a foreigner. Besides their natural suspicions of a stranger, I guess our boys were somewhat jealous of Tom, thinking that if it weren't for him some other man from our own cove might be with us to share in the good fortune of lucky Skipper Bill. Even if Tom hadn't realized how the men felt about him, he was too shy a lad to make friends easily, so it was a lonely voyage for him. By day he kept to himself, by night you could hear his bare feet padding restlessly upon the deck. More than once when I was doing my trick at the wheel, I would see him pacing the deck all by himself or standing with a hand upon the ratlines, gazing back over our wake with longing, homesick eyes.

The crew knew of Tom's jinx, and when we ran into headwinds which held us back for days there was many a dirty look thrown in his direction. You may be sure this didn't make the poor lad any happier. "I wish I was back home again," he said to me one night, "there's no call for me to bring my bad luck on your Pa and his ship."

It did seem as if nothing could go right aboard the "Matilda" on that voyage. When we finally reached our usual fishing grounds we might as well have been riding at anchor back home for all the luck we had. Ships not too far away seemed to be doing well enough but day after day went by with the "Matilda's" crew getting no more than a sign of fish. They laid the blame for their poor luck at the door of poor Tom Hoskins; and what is more, he blamed himself for it. Daily he grew more and more unhappy, seeming to draw back within himself as a snail draws back into its shell. He worried so much that he made himself ill—or so we thought—and was so poorly that father had him moved off into the cabin, partly that we might the better look after him and also hoping that when he felt himself with friends he might begin to pick up.

Whatever we did, it was no use. We could see poor Tom fading away before our eyes. He would lie for hours with never a word, and when he did speak it was to talk with wistful longing about home.

"Skipper Bill," he said one evening, "you've always been good to me. Won't you let me go home by the first southbound ship?"

That same night, around midnight, Tom woke us. He was breathing in hard gasps and there was a gaze on his eyes as he struggled to sit up. "I'm goin' home!" he cried, panting out the words, "I'm goin' home!" And with that he fell back in his bunk.

"Poor lad," said my father, bending over him, "he's gone home all right—to his last, long home!"

(Continued on Page 46)

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## THE RETIRING LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR



THE HON. SIR LEONARD OUTERBRIDGE, C.B.E., D.S.O., LL.D.

THE retirement from office of His Honour the Lieut.-Governor of Newfoundland, the Hon. Sir Leonard Outerbridge, Kt., C.B.E., D.S.O., is learned with sincere regret, for the retiring Lieut.-Governor brought to his high office dignity and devotion to his responsibilities and a full appreciation of the task entrusted to him.

During his term of office (since 1949) he has undertaken tours which took him to practically every part of the province and brought him in touch with many of the people. His term in Government House has been noted for its hospitality and he was seldom absent from meetings identified with public service and philanthropy, and in all these he has had the invaluable assistance of Lady Outerbridge whose warm and gracious manner has contributed much to the high esteem in which they are both regarded by the public.

The Newfoundland Quarterly joins its many readers in paying tribute to Sir Leonard Outerbridge for the splendid public service he has rendered and wishes him many years of happiness on his retirement to private life.



## THE NEW LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR



THE HON. CAMPBELL L. MACPHERSON, O.B.E.,

Lieutenant-Governor of Newfoundland

ON November 20th, the Prime Minister of Canada, the Rt. Hon. John Diefenbaker, announced the appointment of Mr. Campbell Leonard Macpherson, O.B.E., as Lieut.-Governor of Newfoundland to succeed the Hon. Sir Leonard C. Outerbridge, Kt., C.B.E., D.S.O., LL.D., etc.

Mr. Macpherson is of the fifth generation of a well-known Newfoundland family, his great-great-Grandfather, Peter Macpherson having come to Newfoundland from Greenock, Scotland, in 1804—the year before Trafalgar.

Mr. Campbell L. Macpherson was born in St. John's on July 4th, 1907; the son of Dr. Cluny Macpherson, C.M.G., and Mrs. Macpherson, O.B.E.

He was educated at the United Church College, St. John's; at Lynam's (Dragon) School, Oxford; Westminster School, London; and Columbia University, Department of Commerce, New York City. In 1932 he married Faith, daughter of the late C. A. Vilas, a prominent lawyer of New York of the Vilas Family so well known in the State of Wisconsin. They have two sons, Cluny and Ian, and one daughter, Heather, Mrs. Robert Morgan.

Mr. Macpherson is the Managing Director of The Royal Stores Ltd., and its several associated companies and is also a Director of The Horwood Lumber Company.

He has been several years on the Council of the Board of Trade and was its President in 1947. While Vice-President in 1945 at the close of hostilities in Europe he attended, as Newfoundland's representative, the Conference of the Chambers of Commerce of the British Commonwealth.

He served many years as Chairman of the Importers' Association of Newfoundland.

(Continued on Page 8)



1800 — 1830

**A**NOTHER century dawns: A time of many, many changes, not only in the Bay of Trinity but in all the world, particularly North America and South East Asia and India.

The French were to lose Canada, and all that that implied, together with most of her influence outside Europe. Mighty Spain, by the end of the century, was to be made a third-class weak power, shorn of all her colonies.

England worsted her enemies everywhere becoming, without question, Mistress of the Sea and gaining not only French Canada and Nova Scotia but also acquiring predominant rights in India and the East over France, Spain and Holland so that by the end of the century, by her sea power mainly, she stopped the great Corsican and sent him to St. Helena.

But England too suffered an irreparable loss. All her New England Colonies (except Newfoundland) declared their independence and, in spite of all that Britain could do, won it. And at one time England was fighting for her life against the three great powers of Europe. She won, but her twelve New England Colonies were lost forever.

To go back a little, in 1654 there were fifteen small settlements south and west from Bonavista. There were three hundred and fifty permanent families; not many, but a sure foothold.

And besides these, were the fishermen from the ships that came out each spring. One must not forget, however, that at Catalina, after two hundred years of steady fishing within the harbour, cod could not be as plentiful as it was in 1600; it was harder now to make a voyage than in the early days when the shore seines, working mostly from the shore, were sufficient to load all of the ships on time. Now cod seines of 100 or even more fathoms were used, deep enough to take fish anywhere in the harbour or north or south of its mouth, where there was still plenty of cod and caplin near the shore in caplin school. If the caplin and cod would not, as formerly, roll along Perry's beach, they would go find where they were, and so larger boats (cod seine boats so-called) which would carry six or seven men, and their seines, were built, and later good, seaworthy sail boats up to ten tons for deep-sea fishing with hook and line in early summer and fall, were added.

The best codfishing grounds on the coast as this nineteenth century opened was surely the stretch of coast from 'Southern Head' to 'Norther Head' and on north to the White Cape of the French and Portuguese, and the 'Cape El Jon' of the men of Devon. Here was plenty of room to fish, and plenty of fish to catch by seining close to the shore, and at least one good roadstead or anchorage where at least twenty great ships could ride out safely any storm. This anchorage was in Bird Island Cove Bight, just outside but close to the Herring Rocks with its seven fathoms of water and sand bottom; safe and convenient from May to December. Far

## "Ye Olden Times In Catalina"

By ERNEST TILLY

better, in fact, than the position of the French at Bonavista, with its dangerous anchorage and its many wrecks. With these fine fishing grounds it was not lack of fish, then, that forced the fishermen out of business, but rather a world trend of events, with wars and many other happenings which came to our world in the years between 1700 and 1800. Again truly these were years of decision.

More and faster gains could be acquired, and far quicker than fishing for cod, for the world was now open to English trade. Even the sea routes to India were in British hands and the wealth of the Indies was ready waiting to be gathered, for this was the day of Clive and of Hastings, and many others, and wealth beyond reckoning began to flow into England and English hands. Then, as ever, the fishing seamen were needed to man the ships which sailed in hundreds around the Caps of Storms carrying those cargoes back and forth. It is not at all strange, then, that the ship-fishing slowed down in the Bay and fewer ships came each year to fish. But the ship fishermen's stranglehold on Catalina, particularly, was to last out the century.

The ship-owner still controlled. It is true that planters whose holdings did not interfere with the ship-fishermen were given some security in their holdings in 1677, but the law of the fishing Admirals was still the law of the shore. As late as 1698 an Act was en-

(Continued on Page 42)

## THE NEW LIEUT.-GOVERNOR

(Continued from Page 7)

He has served for some years as a member of the Board of Referees of the Unemployment Insurance Commission.

Mr. Macpherson has ably upheld the tradition of service in the field of Education and altruistic endeavour for which his family is noted, being a member of the Board of Governors of United Church College which has one of its houses named after the family.

Having been an oarsman "on the water" at Westminster School, he has retained his interest in rowing as an Honorary Member of the St. John's Regatta Committee and has presented the Committee with one of their boats.

He is one of the Founding Regents of Memorial University of Newfoundland.

Mr. Macpherson brings to his new position a wealth of experience of its requirements gained from serving as honorary aide-de-camp to several Governors and honorary private secretary to the last Governor of the Dominion.

His appointment is a singularly popular one and the unanimity of approval expressed by the general public has been outstanding.

The Quarterly joins with his many-well-wishers in congratulating him on the high honour which has been conferred upon him in being chosen as the representative of Her Majesty in Newfoundland.

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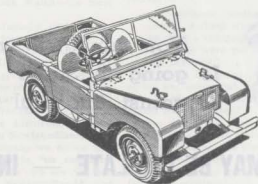
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## WHEN NEWFOUNDLAND HELPED SAVE CANADA

By DR. ROBERT SAUNDERS, J.D. (Dr. Juris)

Graduate of Boston, New York, Columbia, Rutgers and Iowa State Universities. The Colleges of Law of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Diploma in International Affairs, University of Minnesota.

(1775)

"Newfoundland's first expeditionary contingent departed from St. John's to fight for the Empire. . . . Few in numbers, but strong in patriotism, they brought to Quebec a moral support and priceless reinforcement. . . . They came when most desperately needed, when a feather could have turned the scales and meant the loss of Canada."

"Though unnoticed at the time, the Newfoundland volunteers of 1775 made history. . . . In the military annals of Newfoundland there is no more inspiring page of patriotism, endurance, and bravery than this episode."—(Dr. Gustave Lanctot, retired Dominion Archivist).

THE main features of these historic events were outlined in his article. But as Dr. Lanctot gave no references, nor cited any authorities, I was therefore obliged to dig up the evidence. Having then unearthed more data we can now throw more light on the role of Newfoundland in the defence of Quebec in 1775-76.

We have already seen that General Gage—the then Commander-in-Chief of all His Majesty's Forces in North America—wrote Lieut.-Col. Allan MacLean in the summer of 1775 empowering him to raise a corps, to be, as he said:—"Clothed, armed and accoutred in like manner with His Majesty's Royal Highland Regiment and to be called the Royal Highland Emigrants."

This Royal Highland Regiment was patterned on the Black Watch (42nd foot). However, it was a strict military rule that none but Highlanders could be enrolled in the Black Watch. (Forbes). However, this great crisis made it imperative that they go into the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland to raise the Second Battalion of this colonial Black Watch—the most famous regiment in the Empire.

Jonas Howe in *Acediensis*, of January 1904, throws considerable light on its early formation, giving its full name as: "His Majesty's Young Highland Regiment of Foot, whereof the Hon. Lieut-General Thomas Gage is Colonel-in-Chief." Mr. Howe speaks of the muster roll of the corps as being once in the old Chipman House at St. John's. From this roll we can extract some data on recruiting in Newfoundland. From the 1st. Company of the 2nd. Battalion we notice Lieutenant-General Fitzgerald posted as, "recruiting in Newfoundland, June 14th., 1775." From that same company we notice that Major John Small (Black Watch) is "on command Newfoundland," of the 8th company we see Captain Alex McDonald "recruiting in Newfoundland," and Major Small in May 1775 "recruiting in Newfoundland." We find Captain McDonald again recruiting in Newfoundland, October 14, 1775. In the 10th company we read of Captain D. Campbell "recruiting in Newfoundland."

This is the same Captain Campbell referred to by Dr. Lanctot as rushed to the aid of Quebec in November. And, as some assert:—"The Newfoundland Division or portion of this Corps were the only troops of the High-

land Regiment that reached Quebec for this famous siege."

The success in raising the Corps in Newfoundland is attributed to the fact that it had priority in recruiting for the crisis. From Captain Alex McDonald's letter-book of 1775 on we read: "We are greatly indebted to Admiral Montague for his kind assistance, as he did not suffer any other regiment to enlist men but ours."

Jonas Howe speaks of a letter from Captain McDonald to the Admiral of the Fleet at Newfoundland as further evidence of this priority. Married men in those days took their wives and children with them and this letter says:—

"The women and children were virtualled before those of other corps began to have that benefit. Men had been induced to join the corps with the understanding that their wives and children would be taken care of by the Government."

However, military men were not the only forces sent to Quebec from Newfoundland in this crisis of 1775. There is in the volumes of the old General Staff Reports (Historical Section) a letter from a man which originally appeared in the Quebec Gazette that:

"When I arrived here on the 5th of November last, I found the place in a most defenceless state. I had persuaded the Master of the Vessel I was in to take on board upwards of 100 men who were waiting at Newfoundland for a passage hither . . . it was fortunate we did bring these men for the greater part of them were carpenters and other artificers, and were of the greatest service in repairing our defences and making platforms for our cannon, so that I sincerely think we could not have done without them. We had at that time not a single soldier."

One of the prisoners, Private Melvin, wrote in his journal:—

"Assistance coming in nick of time and unexpected, a sloop which arrived from Newfoundland brought a company of about one hundred carpenters, who were put to work at once strengthening the defences."

Sir James Le Moine cites James Thompson, Sr., one of the engineers that "a company of artificers arrived from Halifax and another company from Newfoundland joined me soon after."

After the siege was over in May 1776, Governor Carleton wrote Lord George Germain that "The artificers from Halifax and Newfoundland shewed great zeal and patience under very severe duty and uncommon vigilance." (See picture of the then artificer from Doughty's writings).

But there was no time to be lost in this Fall of 1775. As Sir James Le Moine truly said: "Fort after fort, town after town, had hoisted the white emblem of surrender . . . all Canada had accepted the law of the invader, one flag still streamed defiantly to the breeze, the banner of St. George on the citadel of Quebec."

Governor Carleton, then at Montreal, ready for a dash to Quebec, wrote the Earl of Dartmouth, "I shall spin out matters as long as I can, in hopes that a good wind may

bring us relief." (Hist. Sec. General Staff). See picture of General Carleton.

Relief was coming! Smith says:

"White sails were bringing recruits from Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland . . . the frigate full of true British tars was hurrying on."

And he adds of Lieut.-Col. MacLean's men Royal Emigrants:

"The hostile winds checked his ships; but he strode on by land; and now here he stood the King's senior officer on the ground, with some two hundred stout and true men at his back, ready for anything but surrender. This was not a large force, but it counted for more than it numbered."

Murtele says: "Col. MacLean led the corps he had hastily formed by a series of forced marches to the aid of Sir Guy Carleton at Quebec."



GENERAL GUY CARLETON

The *Living Age* of Boston over a century ago speaks of "The garrison . . . very weak, consisting only of the Royal Irishmen of Col. MacLean and some militia hastily called out." The *Historical Magazine* of August 1867, speaks of "not a soldier at Quebec but Col. MacLean, who had just arrived from Sorel from whence he had been obliged to decamp with about 100 of his new corps . . . about 60 of the Fusiliers and about 100 recruits . . . which Malcolm Fraser and Captain Campbell had raised in Newfoundland."

The enemy tried to cut these forces off from reaching Quebec. General Arnold wrote Montgomery that:—

"I have seen a friend from Quebec who informs me a Frigate and a Transport with 150 recruits arrived from St. John's, Newfoundland, last Sunday. . . . I shall endeavour to cut their communications."

No time was to be lost in setting up the defences and organizing the defence force for Montgomery's grand assault on December 31. A most stormy winter night, and the piled snow aiding in the defence. An officer of the Garrison wrote a few days before the grand assault:—"the quantity of ice and snow lying in the weakest places renders them at present exceedingly strong."



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INCORPORATED 1902



The most severe contest on this December 31 was around the second barrier at Sault au Matelot. (See picture here from Wood). Here the newly-raised Royal Emigrants under officers Nairn and others particularly distinguished themselves. Wood says of one phase:—

"Captain Laws of the Royal Engineers and Captain M'Dougall of the Royal Emigrants with 120 men cut through Palace Gate . . . took the enemy rear-guard by complete surprise and captured to a man." An officer of the Garrison wrote: "The Royal Emigrants behaved like veterans."

General Montgomery was instantly cut down by a volley from a cannon directed mainly by Sergeant Hugh

piece as follows: "The gift of Major-General James Wolfe"—left by mistake on the heap of arms that the Rebels had surrendered that morning from which it was taken away."

The enemy took the defeat hard. For example, Aaron Burr—who afterwards became Vice-President of the United States—was an aide to Arnold and Montgomery and saw both but out of action. (See picture where Arnold fell). When dying he remarked to Rev. Dr. Van Pelt that: "Notwithstanding that disaster, if the army had pushed on they would have succeeded." (In *Living Age Magazine*, Feb. 9, 1856).

An artillery officer says in his Journal of this day



THE FIGHT AT THE SAULT AU MATELOT

(From a drawing by G. W. Jeffreys)

McQuarters. General Arnold was wounded around Sault au Matelot. There are different estimates of the prisoners taken and held in the garrison of Quebec all the winter. Bradley sets the unwounded prisoners "at about 400 and wounded 44. The killed were returned at 32." An officer of the garrison mentions 350 Rank and File. "The flower of the Rebel army fell into our hands." An artillery officer says "I think about 360 were taken . . . among them were about 32 officers." Ainslies Journal lists carefully every rank taken from Lieut.-Col. to privates, making a total of 426. John J. Henry, a prisoner, has a very personal note when he says, "The Sentries, who were generally Irishmen, that guarded us with much simplicity if not honesty."

From General Carleton's force we read from an officer's journal, after the 31st. December struggle that "Captain Anderson buried with all the honours of War." And Captains Vialar and Lester in their Journal gives a **General Order**. December 31st. of: The funeral of George Kerr and John Fraser, who were killed bravely fighting for the King and Country, their memory's are to be honoured by every brave man . . . and their example worthy of imitation."

The confusion existing and the booty taken is well illustrated in Captain Vialars Journal. He cites a **General Order** of February 23rd as follows:—

"Lost the 31st December last a fusil and bayonet, steel mounted . . . with inscription on the thumb

that "a glorious day for us and as complete a little victory as ever was gained."



We have space in this article for only a bare outline of events on December 31st; but as this little garrison was besieged in the city until May 6, 1776, it seems in

(Continued on Page 36)



PROVINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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- Advocate's asbestos at Baie Verte is exciting mining people with its great potential;
- Encouraging exploration is being done in a dozen more places.

Men are in great demand—Mining engineers, geologists, prospectors and construction men are being used in increasing numbers every year.

Young Newfoundlanders can qualify for the very best jobs either at Memorial University in St. John's or on the Mainland and in many ways can get immediate assistance in the form of scholarships and grants.

**Department of Mines and Resources**

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

## CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC

HERE is a description of Christmas in the Arctic from Dr. E. K. Kane's diary, who was physician to the Grinnell Arctic Expedition to search for Sir John Franklin. This was the first American Expedition. Three previous British attempts had failed and "that admirable woman, the wife of Sir John Franklin, not content with stimulating the renewed efforts of her own countrymen, claimed the co-operation of the world. In letters to the President of the United States, full of the eloquence of feeling, she called on us, as a "kindred people, to join heart and hand in the enterprise of snatching the lost navigators from a dreary grave." After considerable congressional delay, the "Advance" and the "Rescue" with a combined tonnage of two hundred and thirty-five tons set sail from New York.

"December 21—Saturday. Today at noon we saw, dimly looming up from the redness of the Southern horizon, a low range of hills; among them some cones of great height . . . it is clear we are drifting regularly on toward Baffin's Bay. An opening occurred last night in the ice to the northward. It is not more than a hundred yards from us, and it is already seventy wide.

"Our men are hard at work preparing for the Christmas Theatre, the arrangements exclusively their own. But tomorrow is a day more welcome than Christmas—the solstitial day of great darkness, from which we may begin to date our returning light. It makes a man feel badly to see the faces around him bleaching into waxy paleness. Until to-day, as a looking-glass does not enter into an Arctic toilet, I thought I was the exception, and out of delicacy said nothing about it to comrades. One of them, introducing the topic just now, told me, with an utter unconsciousness of his own ghostliness, that I was the palest of the party. So it is, 'All men think all men,' &c. Why, the good fellow is as white as a put potato!"

In truth, we were all of us at this time undergoing changes unconsciously. The hazy obscurity of the nights we had gone through made them darker than the corresponding nights of Parry. The complexions of my comrades, and my own too, as I found soon afterward, were toned down to a peculiar waxy paleness.

Our eyes were more recessed, and strangely clear. Complaints of shortness of breath became general.

"December 22—Sunday. The solstices!—The midnight of the year! It commences with a new movement in the ice, the open lead of yesterday piling up into hummocks on our port-beam. No harm done.

"The wind is from the west, increasing in freshness since early in the morning. The weather overcast; even the moon on the scene, and no indications of iur drift. We could not read print, not even large newspaper type, at noonday. We have been unable to leave the ship unarmed for some time on account of the bears. We remember the story of poor Barentz, one of our early predecessors. One of our crew, Blinn, a phlegmatic Dutchman, walked out today toward the lead, a few hundred yards off, in search of a seal hole. Suddenly a seal rose close by him in the sludge-ice: he raised his gun to fire; and, at the same instant, a large bear jumped over the floe, and by a dive followed the seal. Blinn's musket snapped. He was glad to get on board again.

"December 25. 'Ye Christmas of Ye Arctic cruisers!' Our Christmas passed without a lack of the good things of this life. 'Goodies' we had galore; but that best of earthly blessings, the communion of loved sympathies, these Arctic cruisers had not. It was curious to observe the depressing influences of each man's home thoughts, and absolutely saddening the effort of each man to impose upon his neighbour and be very soon and jolly. We joked incessantly, but badly and laughed invensively, but badly too; ate of good things, and drank up a moiety of our Heidsiek; and then we sang negro songs, wanting only tune, measure, and harmony, but abounding in noise; and after a closing bumper to Mr. Grinnell, adjourned with creditable jollity from table to the theatre.

"It was on deck, of course, but veiled from the sky by our felt covering. A large ship's ensign, stretched from the caboose to the bulwarks, was understood to hide the stage and certain meat-casks, and candle-boxes represented the parquet. The thermometer gave us—6 degrees at first; but the favouring elements soon changed this to the more comfortable temperature of—4 degrees.

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PROMPT ATTENTION

"Never had I enjoyed the tawdry quackery of the stage half so much. The theatre has always been to me a wretched simulation of realities; and I have too little sympathy with the unreal to find pleasure in it long. Not so our Arctic theatre: it was one continual frolic from beginning to end.

"The 'Blue Devils': God bless us! but it was very, very funny. None knew their parts, and the prompter could not read glibly enough to do his office. Every thing whether jocose, or indignant, or commonplace or pathetic, was delivered in a high-tragedy monotone of despair; five words at a time, or more or less, according to the facilities of the prompting. Megrim, with a pair of seal-skin boots, bestowed his gold upon the gentle Annette; and Annette, nearly six feet high, received it with mastodon grace. Annette was an Irishman named Daly; and I might defy human being to hear her, while balanced on the heel of her boot, exclaim, in rich masculine brogue, 'Och, feather!' without roaring. Bruce took the Landlord, Benson was James, and the gentle Annette and the wealthy Megrim were taken by Messrs. Daly and Johnson.

"After this followed the Star

Spangled Banner; then a complicated Marseillaise by our French cook, Henri; then a sailor's hornpipe by the diversely-talented Bruce; the orchestra—Stewart, playing out the intervals on the Jews-harp from the top of a lard-cask. In fact, we were very happy fellows. We had had a foot-race in the morning over the midnight ice for three purses of a flannel shirt each, and a splicing of the main-brace. The day was night, the stars shining feebly through the mist.

"But even here that kindly custom of Christmas-gifting was not forgotten. I found in my stocking a jack-knife, symbol of my altered looks, a piece of Castile soap—this last article in great request—a Jews-harp, and a string of beads! On the other hand I prescribed from the medical stores two bottles of Cognac, to protect the mess from indigestion. So passed Christmas. Thermometer, minimum — 16 degrees; Maximum—7 degrees. Wind west."

#### RE-CREATION

The tiny germ within the seed  
Waits but the clarion call of Spring—  
The warm glad sun, the steaming  
earth—

To re-create a beautiful thing.

#### TALL NEWFOUNDLAND TALES

THE group in the corner store were discussing their crop of vegetables, and Uncle Billy said: "If everyone of you done as well with the turnips as I did last year it would be all right. I raised some wonderful turnips. I rolled one into my barn and put it into a spare sheep pen and put some bags over it. In the spring I went into the barn one morning and heard lambs bawling. After hunting around for a while I found a sheep had eaten its way inside the turnip and the lambs were born inside the turnip."

\* \* \*

On a duck hunting trip, Uncle Billy came to a small gully that was literally full of ducks. I fired at the ducks, Uncle Billy said, and when I looked ducks and gully had disappeared. I looked up in the air and there were the ducks which had got frozen into the gully, and when they flew away they took the gully with them.

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## CHRISTMAS BELLS

By Arthur H. Bright

Oh, the bells, the Christmas bells,  
Clear and sweet their music tells  
To my breast where mem'ry dwells—  
Wild delight,  
Youthful fancy upward springs,  
Bringing back to life dead things  
Phantom-like on gaudy wings  
From the night.

They awaken scenes laid low  
In the days of long ago,  
And my heart beats to and fro  
With the bells.  
Once again across the sea,  
Back in childhood I can see  
Places fair and dear to me—  
Hills and dells.

Signs of Spring are everywhere,  
Fragrance fills the atmosphere,  
Butterflies and bees are there  
On the flowers.  
Fishing down the woodland brook  
Speckled beauties I would hook  
From the dark pool's frothy neck—  
Happy hours.

Summer comes with outings gay,  
Boat excursions on the bay,  
Picnic and Regatta Day—  
Visions fond.  
Quidi Vidi Lake serene  
Represents a gala scene  
With the "Myrtle" as the Queen  
'Gainst the pond.

Autumn with artistic tread  
Tints the trees—brown, yellow, red,  
Beautiful from rays o'erhead—  
Sunset's glow.  
But her splendour now has passed,  
Smitten by the Arctic blast;  
Winter clouds have come at last,  
And the snow.

Now appears upon the screen  
One grand view that stands supreme  
Over all that I have seen  
In the dells.  
Christmas trees aglow of light;  
Children shouting with delight:  
"Santa Claus will come to-night!"  
'Mid the bells.

Ring out, oh, bells, ring merrily;  
Ring joyful bells across the sea,  
Your sounds are sweet and dear to  
me  
While you ring.  
Oh, Christmas bells, join in the  
mirth,  
Proclaim anew the Saviour's birth;  
Good will to men and peace on earth  
Angels sing.

# THE GREENSPOND SAGA — IN HISTORY, SONG AND STORY

By DR. ROBERT SAUNDERS, J.D. (Dr. Juris)

Graduate of Boston, New York, Columbia, Rutgers and Iowa State Universities, the Colleges of Law of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Diploma in International Affairs, University of Minnesota.

"Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,  
That I may prompt them; and of such as have,  
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse  
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
Be here presented."

—(Shakespeare, King Henry V.).

**A** BACKGROUND for a discussion of Greenspond's part in Empire wars we can do no better than make a very brief survey of the Great Empire Builder who once visited Greenspond: namely Sir Ralph Clements Williams, Governor of Newfoundland, 1909-1913. (See Sir Ralph here in a Greenspond photo generously loaned by the Bourne family. Sir Ralph is on the left and Magistrate I. J. Mifflin on the right, with the constable leading the parade).



Sir Ralph Williams, Magistrate I. J. Mifflin and Constable leading parade.

Sir Ralph, when he visited Greenspond, had behind him not only a lifetime of devotion to the old flag. (See it waving on a gaily-decorated arch in Greenspond); but also engaged in greatly extending it. The main roads of Greenspond have never been trod over by a more distinguished foreign visitor.

Basil Williams in "Life of Cecil Rhodes"—the great African Empire-builder—says of Rhodes' problems:—

"Left with nothing to do in his hut at headquarters but to sit and discuss with young Currey and Ralph Williams . . . day-dreams about the advance of British power . . . and the confusion of Germany."

In 1885 Sir Ralph published "The British Lion in Bechuanaaland," defending Rhodes, when the latter was in trouble with the Imperial authorities. He was the confidant of Rhodes and upholder of Rhodes schemes.

That Sir Ralph could walk with kings and not lose the common touch is shown by his visit to those outposts of the Empire such as Greenspond in order to see how the other half lived. This is further illustrated by his comments in the *London Times* after War I. In 1919 on "Repatriation of Coloured Men." In 1923 "Careers for Boys" and "Imperial Unity." Not the least after leaving Newfoundland in his book "How I Became Governor." (*London Times*, May 22, 1913).

We quote briefly from *London Times*, June 24, 1927, when Sir Ralph passed on:—

"Rendered excellent service in South Africa . . . at the end of 1884 Sir Charles Warren started on his expedition to extinguish the Republics of Goshem and Stellaland and to assert British authority. Williams was attached to the staff. . . ."

"This work, which brought him in touch with the leading South Africans, including Presidents Brand and Cecil Rhodes, he did to the satisfaction of his chiefs. Transferred to Gibraltar as Captain of the Port, etc. He ended his official career as Governor of Newfoundland, where he was extremely popular. . . ."

"The outbreak of the Great War found him in Kenya. He sought active employment and was appointed President of the 'Second Line of Defence, etc.'"

It was Cecil John Rhodes, Ralph Clements Williams and Frederick Courtney Selous (of whom we speak briefly to get the whole connection with Greenspond) who consolidated the British Empire in Africa and not at all to the liking of the Boers nor Germany. Hence the Boer War, whose Victory was celebrated in Greenspond with the booming of the old cannon on the outer rocks of Greenspond by the Dominy brothers and others (we here pay our respects to a son of Edgar J. Dominy, namely Harry, who fell in France with the Royal Newfoundland Regiment in 1918).

For the Boer War the following Greenspond men trained in the Royal Canadian Regiment, namely:—

George Carter, Lance Corporal.  
Herbert Burry, Lance Corporal.  
John Hunt, Lance Corporal.  
Edward Green, Private.  
Arthur Burry, Private.

These men were temporarily employed in the Sydney mines when the war broke out. They were recruited by a Captain Moore. They have all passed on—Skipper George Carter only this fall.

To retrace our steps! When Sir Ralph visited Greenspond he had behind him a lifetime of friendship with F. C. Selous, mentioned above, who besides being an Empire Builder in Africa, also after, over half-a-century ago, was a big game hunter in Newfoundland, and who employed the Greenspond man, Robert Saunders, as his guide and friend. Selous says in his articles in the "Wide, Wide World" of London, in 1902 that:—

"I reached Terra Nova Station, old Robert Saunders was there ready waiting for me and after a hearty handshake introduced me to the man he

(Continued on Page 21)



Season's Greetings to all



*It's a Question ..... of Balance!*

Supply having caught up with demand in the pulp and paper industry,

A.N.D., in common with other newspaper manufacturers, has to give careful and constant attention to the market situation and keep everything in balance for the benefit of everyone concerned. Nevertheless we look forward to the New year with cautious optimism and trust that the clouds of today will have a silver lining tomorrow.

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# The Encouragement of Arts And Letters, Etc.

The Committee appointed by the Government to administer the Arts and Letters Competition brings to the attention of interested parties the following regulations and awards for 1957-58:

- (a) For the best original historical account of neglected periods in our Island History.  
Length 5000-8000 Words. Awards \$300.00—Second Choice \$100.00.
- (b) For the best original short story—5000 words (approximately)  
Award \$100.00—Second Choice \$50.00.
- (c) For the best original poem.  
Award \$100.00—Second Choice \$50.00.
- (d) For the best original Newfoundland ballad or "Come-All-Ye".  
Award \$100.00—Second Choice \$50.00.
- (e) For the best original literary script of a dramatic type written for radio presentation.  
Time of presentation 15 to 20 minutes.  
Award \$100.00—Second Choice \$50.00.
- (f) For the best original oil painting.  
Minimum size 12 x 20 inches. Maximum 15 sq. ft.  
Award \$100.00—Second Choice \$50.00.
- (g) For the best original water colour painting.  
Minimum size 12 x 20 inches.  
Award \$100.00—Second Choice \$50.00.
- (h) For the best original picture in any medium other than oil, water color or photograph.  
Maximum size 15 sq. ft.  
Award \$100.00—Second Choice \$50.00.
- (i) For the best piece of original sculpture or woodcarving.  
Award \$100.00—Second Choice \$50.00.

N.B. ENTRIES TO SECTIONS (a), (b), (c), (d), (e), (h), AND (i) WILL BE LIMITED TO ONE ENTRY PER PERSON. SECTIONS (f), (g), TO FOUR ENTRIES PER PERSON.

All work must be submitted on or before February 15th, 1958 to the Secretary of the Committee on Arts and Letters, Department of Education, and shall be accompanied by a signed statement to the effect that it is original and has not been published or exhibited. No collect shipments will be accepted.

ALL SCRIPTS MUST BE IN TYPEWRITTEN FORM. The name and address of the contributor must be clearly indicated in the upper right hand corner of the first page.

Paintings or pictures must be framed in wooden frames and the name and address of the artist must be affixed to the back in such a manner as not to be visible to the judges. Names must be affixed to sculpture or woodcarving in similar manner. Arrangements for judging the various entries will be made by the Committee.

All Art entries submitted will be examined initially by a competent jury, who will decide if they are of sufficient merit to be included in the exhibition and the competition. Only such paintings as are approved by the jury will be included.

No awards will be made where the entries submitted do not, in the opinion of the appointed judges, merit recognition. To ensure return of scripts, stamped and addressed return envelopes must be enclosed. The successful entries in all literary contests may be held by the Government for publication or otherwise.

All possible care will be taken of the works sent in, but the Committee will not be responsible for any loss, or damage by accident, theft, fire, or otherwise. The Committee assumes no responsibility for the safe transportation or insurance of any works.

The Committee will not be responsible for any entries submitted without full identification and return address.

In any or all classes the Committee may on the recommendation of the judges, award a special prize for work of outstanding merit.

N.B. ENTRANTS MUST BE ORDINARILY RESIDENTS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

had brought with him for the trip, a fine young Newfoundlander. . ."

"Saunders, a quiet, tireless hard-working man, always willing and cheerful and to whom I had taken a great liking, agreed to accompany me."

So Sir Ralph, through Mr. Selous was really not a stranger to Greenspond. In fact, Sir Ralph pays this respect to him when, as Captain Selous, D.S.O., he was killed in action while serving with a Fusilier Corps—the old Frontiersmen—in German East Africa. Sir Ralph says in *London Times*, Jan. 10, 1917:—

"Even today the African Continent rings with his fame, and the name of Fred Selous stands for all that is best and straightest in South Africa."

Lev Weinthal in his "*Story of the Cape to Cairo Railway*" speaks of him as "The late Captain Selous, the Gallant Nimrod." Of the occupation of Mashonaland Sir Louis Mitchell in his "*Life and Times of Rhodes*," says "The long march will ever be associated with the name of Selous." J. E. S. Green in his "*Life of Rhodes*" speaks of Selous as "renowned for his accuracy and perfectly familiar with the Boers and their language."

With the Boers restless and Germany twisting the Lions tail and getting ready for the great conflict of 1914-1918, Imperial Authorities started to strengthen the military defences of the Empire. Hence the formation of the Newfoundland Royal Naval Reserve.

The following men from Greenspond are just a few that joined the corps, some at its start (some did their six months tour with the British West Indies Squadron, a decade before World War I) namely:—

Charles Downer  
Edward Samson  
Samuel Carter  
Benjamin Carter

Arthur Carter  
Darius Smith  
Thomas Saunders

Most of these men served in World War I and Darius Smith had one son with the Canadian Army in World War II and Thomas Saunders had two sons; namely Maxwell with the Royal Artillery and Gordon in the Royal Navy.

This list of Greenspond men in the old Royal Naval Reserve is far from complete. There is Captain Frank Green for example, now sailing out of Halifax, who was wounded at Gallipoli. However, we can now say before our list is more complete that:—

"We cannot name them in our song,  
But cherish in our heart,  
And in old Greenspond's fair renown  
They bear an honoured part."

To again retrace our steps! We cannot overlook a great man of Greenspond who left his mark in military and civic affairs in Canada even before this century opened, namely Dr. Fred C. White, once mayor of Moncton, N.C. (See photo here of Dr. White in his military uniform). While a student at McGill University he



THE LATE SURGEON MAJOR WHITE

enlisted for service with the Canadian Army in the Great North West Rebellion. His name appears in a book on an historic corps, called "*Boulton's Scouts*" in the North West Rebellion.

Dr. White visited his old home in Greenspond just about the time he was mayor of Moncton. We quote

(Continued on Page 32)

## INSURANCE PROTECTION...

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THE OUTBRIDGEES FROM YARMOUTH, AND THE HARVEYS FROM SOMERSETSHIRE ENGLAND, SETTLED IN BERMUDA IN 1609



...AND FROM THESE EARLY DAYS, CARRIED ON A BRISK TRAIL WITH REMOULING FIRST AS A PART OF THE FAMED BERMUDA TRADING COMPANY... BUT FROM 1787 AS AN INDEPENDENT FIRM.



NEWFOUNDLAND DIED SALT CODFISH WAS TRADED FOR WEST INDIAN VEGETABLES... MOLASSES AND RUM... BUT THESE WERE HAZARDOUS TIMES !!



MANY A PIRATE WAS FOUGHT IN THOSE EARLY DAYS...



AND IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, HARVEY'S PIONEERS IN THE COMMERCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND HISTORY CREDIT THE FIRM WITH MANY FIRSTS. HARVEYS WERE THE FIRST TO OPERATE A TINNERY, BAKERY, SOAP FACTORY, MAGGASINE PLANT, TOBACCO FACTORY AND MATCH FACTORY.



LOADING AND WATERMAKING IN NEWFOUNDLAND WERE PIONEERED BY HARVEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, WITH ITS MILL AT BLACK RIVER, PLACENTIA BAY.



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THE FIRM BROUGHT MANY INNOVATIONS TO METHODS OF CATCHING AND CURING FISH. IT OPERATED ITS OWN BAKING VESSELS AND DRIVERS.



FOR MANY YEARS, HARVEY'S OPERATED THE DRY DOCK UNDER LEASE FROM THE NEWFOUNDLAND GOVERNMENT.



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...THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.



...AND THE TRAVEL AGENCY ALL SERVE NEWFOUNDLANDERS WELL.



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THE PROVISIONS DEPARTMENT ENSURES THAT THE FINEST OF FOODS ARE DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT NEWFOUNDLAND



AND THAT'S HARVEY AND COMPANY LIMITED TODAY... SERVING THE PEOPLE OF NEWFOUNDLAND... LOOKING CONFIDENTLY TO THE FUTURE... AND AS ALWAYS... AT YOUR SERVICE!



## Season's Greetings To All FROM HARVEY AND COMPANY LIMITED

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EDWARD OSBORNE, Director. H. W. WOODS, Director. E. W. ROSE, Director. F. H. OUTBRIDGE, Director.

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Helping To Make Newfoundland Christmas Merry Since 1767

## FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT, a man of high character both as a soldier and civilian, had been much interested in the voyages of his countrymen, and in 1578 he obtained from Elizabeth a patent conferring sole jurisdiction over a large territory in America, on condition that he should plant a colony there within six years. His half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh was also engaged in the enterprise.

In 1583, Sir Humphrey set out with a fleet of five vessels, but one of them put back on account of sickness. On reaching St. John's harbour, New Foundland, Sir Humphrey summoned some Spanish and Portuguese fishermen there, to witness the ceremony of taking possession in the name of the English Sovereign, an operation which he performed by digging a turf, and setting a pillar to which the arms of England were affixed. Silver ore, as they supposed, was discovered and taken on board the vessels, one of which was abandoned, while with the remainder Sir Humphrey pursued his voyage along the coast toward the south. On his way, the

largest remaining ship with its ore was wrecked, and a hundred souls perished.

Return was now considered necessary, and in the midst of terrible storms and tempests, the prows were turned homeward. Sir Humphrey had chosen to sail in a little tender, called the "Squarrel," and when the storm came on he was urged to shift his flag to a larger vessel. But he refused to do so, saying:

"I will not desert my little company, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils."

The gale increased; lights were burned at night, and the little "Squirrel," for a long time, was seen gallantly contending with the waves. Once she came so near another ship that its officers could see Sir Humphrey sitting by the mainmast, with a book in his hand, reading. He looked up, and cried cheerily, "We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land." About midnight, all at once, the lights were extinguished; and in the morning nothing was seen of the good Sir Humphrey or his little ship.



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Desserts That Make  
Every Meal a Feast

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Newfoundland's foremost Distributors of Fine Foods  
WATER STREET

ST. JOHN'S

Season's  
Greetings

to all our readers

from the

Nfld. Quarterly

## FIRST SNOW

By Viola Gardner,  
Yesterday the maple  
Combed her redgold tresses  
Before my lily pool;  
Today, she is dressed in white,  
Autumn passed in the night.

SEE! HEAR!

NEW 2 SPEED

Revere

T-1100

"Balanced Tone"

TAPE RECORDER

3 $\frac{3}{4}$  and 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  speeds

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TR-1200 Same as above with radio.

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## DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WELFARE

### WELFARE OFFICERS WANTED

Applications are invited from qualified persons who are interested in doing Social Work with the Department of Public Welfare.

The Welfare Officer service of the Department of Public Welfare offers good pay and attractive pension, holiday and sick leave privileges.

Beginners with minimum qualifications are paid at the rate of \$2640 a year during the initial training and probationary period, and are placed at the beginning of the grade IV scale \$2970-100-3740 on receiving permanent appointment.

Opportunities are also provided for in-service training on the job and in recognized Schools of Social Work.

This additional training together with the necessary experience in the field will enable welfare officers to qualify for the grade V scale \$3740-100-4290.

Interested persons between the ages of 25 and 35 years who would like to work with people and whose academic standing is Grade XI or higher are invited to apply.

Applications should be addressed to

DEPUTY MINISTER

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WELFARE

St. John's, Newfoundland



## TIPS FROM THE PAST

WE came across a copy of the "Evening Mercury" published in St. John's in 1887 and culled these items from its pages:

## A Fashion Note

This is the season of the sailor hat. The sailor hat came this spring and quietly took possession of the town. It constitutes the craze of the hour. It is confined to neither age, sex, complexion nor temper. It is worn by everybody. It is worn all the time. It arises in the fresh and dewy morning and prances down town with the shop girl. About nine o'clock it appears on the head of every school girl from 6 to 16. It is worn alike by the baby in the pram and the nurse who perambulates. It is seen on coach tops and at church, at the theatre and afternoon teas.

It is trimmed with a straight and boyish band or it is garnished with a lot of high defiant bows or bristles with quills, or trembles with nodding plumes, or is covered with tulle or wreathed about with garlands gay. Its form is legion, its shape is various and its possibilities

are large. It may be worn either fore or aft, according to the taste of the owner. It may be hoisted at the stern, or passed amidships or rigged gracefully over either the larboard or starboard ear.

The hat is worn as usual, on the head, which occupies a space between the two sleeves. They—the sleeves—flow out on the breeze and flap and flirt around it, they whirl up against it with passionate recklessness, they drip dejectedly downward preparatory to more extended flights over the top of the hat which, with the assistance of a slender but powerful hat pin, defies all efforts to dislodge it.

\*\*\*

An old bachelor asserts that the best and quietest way to revive a lady when she faints is to begin to take down her hair. If it ain't her own she will grab it in a jiffy. A better way to stop fainting and to produce hair of her own is to use Minard's Liniment.—From an ad in the Evening Mercury, St. John's, 1887.

## A Bit of Persian Advice

A father on the occasion of his son's marriage, gave him a little special advice. "You are going to be married, my son; and you will wish that your wife shall be quiet and submissive to you in all matters. Follow the advice which I shall now give you:

Procure a cat, and one night after your marriage so arrange that the animal shall be in the sleeping room at the time when you and your wife retires to rest. You will go to the room as usual, and on entering it you will pretend to be very much annoyed that the cat should be found there, and you will draw your sword at once and slay it. Your wife of course will be terribly frightened, and from the sight of the slain cat, and a hint from you that she will fare likewise if she is not very careful over herself, you may depend upon it that she will be the proper wife that she should be.—From the Evening Mercury, July, 1887.

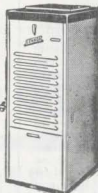
## THE FACTS ABOUT

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## Check These Features:

- Insulated Steel Cabinet
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**INSURE HOUSEHOLD Possessions**

**CARL WINSOR**  
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179 Water St., St. John's

## I KNOW SOMETHING GOOD

Wouldn't this old world be better  
If friendly folk would say  
"I know something good about you"  
And then treat us just that way?

Wouldn't life be lots more happy  
If the good that's in us all  
Were the only thing about us  
That folks bothered to recall?

Wouldn't it be nice to practice  
This friendly way of thinking too?  
You know something good about me  
I know something good about you.

Send a subscription to the *Newfoundland Quarterly* to that friend away from home—a beautifully engraved card will carry your good wishes—\$1.00 a year in Canada—\$1.25 foreign.

## TRINITY MISCELLANY

Lieut. Col. Frederick Bullock of H.M.S. "Snap" was a brother of Rev. Wm. Bullock of Trinity. He made a survey of the Coast from Fogo Islands to "Point Partridge." His chart of that part of the coast is dated 1823-24. He struck his ship on Snap Rock and made her leaky, and came to Trinity for repairs and wintered in Trinity. Snap Rock, some miles to the Eastward of Fogo Islands takes its name from H.M.S. "Snap." Lieut. Frederick Bullock spent several winters in Trinity. In 1826 he corrected Michael Lane's chart of Trinity and Conception Bays and made an enlargement of Trinity Harbour. He was also wintering here in 1828. There is an entry extant, which states that the "Snap's" crew in February 1828, went to the lumber woods and assisted the Trinity men in cutting and hauling the lumber for the C. & C. school. It was a very cold day, and an entry shows that seven and a half gallons of rum were consumed during the day. Lieutenant Frederick Bullock was Commander Bullock in 1826.

Sgd.: W. White,  
June 1940.

An amusing story is told traditionally in Trinity that shortly after William Kelson was appointed to the position of the Artillery Corps, two young men endowed with a streak of mischievous humour, went to the Fort Point on Sunday morning while the inhabitants were in church, and treated the watchman, (who was in charge of the alarm gun, and who was supposed to fire it on the approach of enemy ships) with a good supply of John Barleycorn, and then went and fired the gun. Mr. Kelson being in church at the time, jumped to his feet as the Church Service was being conducted, and called out in a loud and commanding voice—to arms! to arms! and all the congregation rushed out of church panic stricken.

Copy of a letter from David Buchan, Esq., Commander of His Majesty's schooner "Adonis" on the subject of establishing a code of signals, etc., etc.

His Majesty's Schooner Adonis,  
Trinity, 22nd February, 1813.

Gentlemen:

His Excellency the Governor, having furnished me with a code of signals (a copy of which is herewith enclosed) which for the benefit of the Trade he is desirous I should endeavour to establish within the extent of my Station. The utility of this is obvious as affording the readiest mode of communicating to His Majesty's Ships, and the Inhabitants of this Bay, the position of the Enemy's Vessels of War, or Privateers. I am, therefore, to request you will call on the Merchants of your District to effect this desirable object, when I have no doubt it will be attended to, with the same alacrity as has been displayed by the merchants in Harbour Grace. I have only further to observe that it appears to me, that if a Signal Station is erected at Pelican, the Horse Chops, and at Trinity, that it will answer all the purposes of this Bay.

I am also to call your attention to the Court House, having received instructions from the Governor to see that means are taken to enable its completion. You will, therefore, be pleased to state for my information, the sums that have been collected for that purpose; the

expenses that have already occurred, and the estimate required to furnish it.

I have the honour to be  
Gentlemen

Your very obedient and humble servant,

D. Buchan.

To the Magistrates of  
the District of Trinity.

Trinity,  
12th March, 1813.

Sir:

We have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22nd ultimo on the subject of establishing signals for the information of His Majesty's Ships on this Station and on the building the Gaol and Court House.

The former has been laid before the Mercantile interests of this place,—they coincide with His Excellency on the necessity of such a measure, and they are of opinion that the Signal Posts erected on Shurwink Head near Old Pelican (Shapwick in Dorset, England, is similar to Shurwink, Trinity), on the Horse Chops, on English Head, on Salvage Hill and on Riders Hill, will answer every intended purpose, and the same will be established forthwith. Herewith you will receive a statement of the account against the Court House and Gaol as it now is to this date, by which you will perceive a balance against that building amounting to £125.11.4½, and we are of opinion that about £120 more expense will complete it, and request you will

FOR THE BEST IN FRESH AND SMOKED  
MEATS

ASK FOR AND DEMAND

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FRESH BEEF

FRESH PORK

FRESH LAMB

CHICKEN and TURKEY

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EGGS - CHEESE

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TRIMMED NAVEL BEEF

SHORT RIB BEEF — FAT BACK PORK

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Priced so low yet you get a fully automatic defrosting refrigerator with a big super-cold freezer that holds 52 lbs. Over 10 cubic foot capacity with extra storage space on the door! No trade-in required . . . the price you see is the price you pay. Fully guaranteed. Shop early!

\$10.00 DOWN  
\$16.00 MONTHLY  
CASH PRICE

**\$349.95**

## KENMORE Visi-Matic Wringer Washer

KENMORE washer with lint filter for brighter washes. 10 lb. capacity tub, Visi-Matic wringer, Roto-Swirl agitator, electric timer. Chrome drainboards. Drain pump.

\$5.00 DOWN  
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DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH  
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

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is an Infectious, often Fatal Disease.

## **WHOOPING COUGH**

is Especially Dangerous to Infants  
and Young Children.

Your Children can be Protected  
from Diphtheria and Whooping  
Cough In a Safe, Effective way—

**IMMUNIZATION!**

**Are YOUR Children Protected?**

*Eat* ICE CREAM  
*for Extra Energy*



*Brookfield*  
ICE CREAM  
LIMITED  
A Dream of Fruit and Cream



represent to His Excellency the Governor on his arrival that as a sum has been allowed by Government towards the erection of a similar building at Harbour Grace, as well as at Bonavista, we hope and trust His Excellency will contribute in like manner on the part of Government towards defraying the expense of building this, and which was partly promised by a former Governor—we, therefore, until His Excellency's pleasure is known on this subject, request you will not propose any further assessment on the District, as Mr. Garland with a great deal of liberality has offered to complete the building without any further burthen being laid on the District, if Government will subscribe two hundred pounds.

We have the honour to be

Sir

Your most obedient, humble servants

Signed: John Clinch  
David Durell.

Copy of another letter from David Buchan, Esq., Commander of His Majesty's Schooner "Adonis"

His Majesty's Schooner "Adonis"  
Trinity,  
11th March, 1813.

Gentlemen:

I addressed a letter to you of the 22nd ultimo respecting the establishing of Signal Posts for the better security of the Trade of this Bay; also requiring a statement of the accounts relative to the Court House with the estimated sum requisite for completing it; which remains yet unanswered. I am now Gentlemen to call upon you to furnish me with a return of all the Ministerial offices of Justice, sworn in for the duties of this District and Bay, for the present year agreeable to the annexed form.

Circumstances also render it peculiarly necessary that I should apply to you for information respecting any corps or association that have been formed for the protection of this Bay or Harbour; and if any such exist, it is requisite for me to know, by what authority they have been embodied or otherwise convened, and by whom commanded or directed.

I have the honour to be—Gentlemen  
Your most obedient humble servant

Sgd: D. Buchan.

To the Magistrates  
of Trinity District.

Trinity,  
March 13th, 1813.

Sir:

We have received the favour of yours of the 11th instant, and have, agreeable to your request, herewith transmitted for your information a list of the Ministerial Offices of Justice now serving in and for this District. In regard to the Defence of this Harbour against the Common Enemies of the United Kingdom, we have embodied agreeable to the wish of His Excellency the Governor communicated through the medium of Thomas Coote, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Defence at Saint John's, two companies of volunteers, viz: one of Artillery, consisting of ..... men, and one of Infantry consisting of ....., the former commanded by Mr. William Kelson, and the latter by Mr. Frederick Jenkins,



PROVINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

## DEPARTMENT OF MINES AND RESOURCES

CONSERVATION

Leaving rubbish about the country is an insult to Nature and to one's fellow men. It is an indecent thing. A wrong thing. It is an offence against Society. With the opening of new roads and the expansion of settlements and towns, the problem of waste material disposal and pollution has grown to such an extent as to warrant immediate control measures.

The attention of the public is therefore drawn to the following provisions of the Waste Material Disposal Act, No. 13 of 1956.

The Minister of Mines and Resources may, by Order, declare any area which he defines in the order to be a Dumping Area.

No person shall dump Waste Material in any place other than a Dumping Area or place set aside under another Act for the dumping of Waste material.

The owner or occupier of private land may, in accordance with a Permit issued by the Minister, dump Waste Material on that part of his land defined in the Permit.

A Dumping Area shall be used only for the dumping of Waste Material. No person shall remove Waste Material from a Dumping Area except with the written permission of the Minister or some other person whom the Minister may authorize to give that permission.

**Department of Mines and Resources**



and both approved of by William Blamy, Esq., Commander of His Majesty's Ship "Comet."

I have the honour to be

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servants

Sgd: John Clinch  
David Durell.

\* \* \* \*

The following letters were sent to the respective Commanders of the Volunteer Corps.

Trinity,  
12th March, 1813.

Sir:

By letter on His Majesty's Service of the 11th instant, the Magistrates for this District have been requested to inform David Buchan, Esq. whether any Corps or Association have been formed for the protection of this Bay or Harbour, and if any such exist, to know with what authority they have been embodied or otherwise convened and by whom commanded or directed.

You will, therefore, be pleased to furnish me with a list of those men denominated "Artillery Men" who serve under your command.

At the same time I will thank you to sign the accompanying receipt for Ordnance, Stores, etc.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Sgd: John Clinch, J.P.

William Kelson, Esq.,  
Commandant.

\* \* \* \*

Trinity,  
12th March, 1813.

Sir:

By letter on His Majesty's Service of the 11th instant, the Magistrates for this District have been required to inform David Buchan Esq. whether any Corps or Association have been formed for the protection of this Bay or Harbour, and if any such exist, to know by what authority they have been embodied or otherwise convened and by whom commanded or directed. You will, therefore, be pleased to furnish me with a list of those men denominated "Loyal Trinity Volunteer Rangers" who serve under your Command, specify particularly those men who have Government muskets from those who have not. At the same time I will thank you to sign the accompanying receipt for small arms and ammunition.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Sgd: John Clinch, J.P.

Frederick Jenkins,  
Commandant.

#### THE ATLANTIC ADVOCATE

THE Canadian Tourist Association's Historical and Cultural Committee has presented an award to the "Atlantic Advocate" for its "public interest in the preservation and development of Canada's historical and cultural assets."

A Well-deserved award: The "Journal" for its part would be prepared to honour the "Atlantic Advocate" for its general excellence, for being a journal which in format and intellectual content ranks with the best publications on this continent."

The credit for this, we must add, goes to that indomitable and civilized Briton, Brig. Michael Wardell, a former associate of Lord Beaverbrook, who landed in Fredericton, N.B., some years ago to make it one of the important publishing centres of Canada.—Ottawa Journal.

To all of which we subscribe and we add our congratulations.—Ed.

The busiest railway junction in the world is Clapham Junction in South London, and it is estimated that 2,500 trains pass through this junction every 24 hours.



# SCOTT'S

Delicious, New Season

## JAMS, JELLIES & MARMALADES

Now available all over Newfoundland,  
If your grocer cannot supply, contact

### MITCHELL AGENCIES LTD.

SOLE AGENTS

75 Water Street

St. John's

## THE GREENSPOND SAGA

(Continued from Page 21)

briefly from the Moncton dailies when he passed away some years ago:—

"Moncton Loses Valued Citizen"

"Prominent in Professional and Social circles and an ardent supporter of all movements for the betterment of civic and national life . . . the city is much poorer for his passing."

"In his earlier life Dr. White took an active part in military matters. He joined the Volunteer Militia and was Surgeon-Major in the 74th Battalion. The Riel rebellion occurred when Dr. White was a student at McGill. Dr. White was one of the Volunteers that formed the McGill unit of stretcher-bearers that served in that historic event. With his corps he was at the Duck Lake fight and also at the taking of Batoche."

"During the World War (W.W.I.) . . . he was Chief Medical Inspector for this district during the period of recruiting. Many a war veteran since peace has reason to feel grateful to Dr. White for his gratuitous work."

In World War I the following names are recorded on the monument (See photo of it here) as killed in action or missing with the Royal Newfoundland Regiment and Royal Navy:

Daniel Barrow	Edwin Edgar
George Burry	Duncan Hoddinott
George Carter	Edgar Hoskins
Reginald Carter	John Howse
Charles Chaytor	Harold Hutchins
Joseph Dewey	Fred Wicks
Harry Dominy	Harry Young

In World War II the following fell:—

Cluny Blandford, Royal Navy.  
Sergeant Reginald Carter, Royal Air Force.  
Allister Carter, Merchant Navy.  
Chief Officer Arthur Carter, Merchant Navy.  
Pierce Hoskins, Forestry Unit.  
Wilfred Parsons, Royal Navy.

Edwin Edgar (See photo here so kindly lent by his sister former nurse Jessie Edgar) and Harold Hutchins



EDWIN EDGAR

(See photo here) were among the over 90 missing since Beaumont Hamel, July 1, 1916. Harold, in this photo, is on the far right, the centre man is Jack Oakley, who although not born in Greenspond, comes from the old Greenspond family of Oakley's represented by John



HAROLD HUTCHINS (on right)

Thorn Oakley of Greenspond, who served in the House of Assembly for the Bay nearly a century ago. Harold, then at college in St. John's, went over as a bugler. George Carter (brother of K. J. Carter, Esq., Chairman of the Civil Service Commission) fell in action while serving with a Canadian Regiment. Harry Young fell October 1916, as did also Daniel Barrow (*London Times*, October 3, 1916) around Guendecourt in France. Charles Chaytor died a prisoner of war. Edwin Edgar was the youngest son of Edwin Edgar, J.P., and Merchant, whose forebearers settled in Greenspond in 1813 as Dr. John Edgar, physician and magistrate. (Judge Prowse, *History of Newfoundland*). Harold Hutchins who settled in Greenspond as a merchant from Manchester nearly a century ago. His brother Frank was with the Canadian forces. We should note Arthur Carter (See photo here. Another brother of K. J. Carter, Chairman of the Civil Service Commission) who served in the Royal Navy in World War I, was lost at sea in the Merchant Navy in World War II. Cluny Blandford comes from the old Greenspond family, son of Darius Blandford, Jr.

On July 1st., 1916, when the first two Greenspond men fell, the *London Times* of July 8, 1916, said (we quote briefly):

"The men never wavered, though deprived of



CHIEF OFFICER ARTHUR CARTER

most of their officers . . . all the accounts testify to a steadiness and pluck unsurpassed in the records of the war." From **Headquarters July 10, (London Times, July 12, 1916):—**

"They behaved with a completely noble steadiness and courage. . . . There is none of them and no man from any part of the Empire who ought not to be proud of the Newfoundland Battalion."

An officer of the Regiment writing on Guendecourt one year later said (**London Times, Oct. 12, 1917):—**

"Guendecourt was an instance of great courage and endurance . . . the gallantry of their example will live in the hearts of their countrymen for all time."

In a History of the Great War based on official documents compiled by Brig.-General Edmonds, it is said of October 1916 when Harry Young and Daniel Barrow fell that:—

"North of Guendecourt, the Newfoundlanders with the Essex stormed a portion of Hilt Trench. The Newfoundlanders not only hung on to Hilt Trench, but also bombed up it and secured part of the Essex objective."

Of those and all others let us say with the poet William Collins (1721-1759):

"By Fairy Hands their Knell is rung;  
By Forms unseen their Dirge is sung;  
There Honour comes, a Pilgrim grey,  
To bless the Turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall a-while repair,  
To dwell a weeping Hermit there!"



DARIUS SMITH and MADELEINE HUNT

Those serving in War I we could mention Lieut. (Rev.) G. G. Burton. Lieut. Albert Davis, as corporal, wounded in 1917 (**London Times, April 23**) and received

the Distinguished Conduct Medal and Military Medal. His brother, Isaac (now Rev. Dr. Isaac Davis) in a Canadian Tank Corps. Pierce Dewey, brother of W. J. Dewey, who has contributed much to our Greenspond Saga, and whose brother Joseph fell with the regiment in 1918. There is Sergeants Malcolm Bishop and Robert Bragg and in the Canadian Air Force, Eric Bishop, brother of Malcolm, now a Ph.D. from McGill.

Even to the force, now as in other days, we see Greenspond represented in the oldest and the newest forces. (See here photo of the late Darius Smith, a naval reservist in the Indian Ocean in World War I, and his niece in the Canadian Air Force of World War II). One is husband of one of my sisters and the other is a daughter of another sister, the late Alice Saunders of Greenspond.



Monument and Memorial Library

The Memorial Library, opened a few years ago, has a plaque. (See it on library back of monument) saying "We record with pride and gratitude the names of Greenspond Boys who served in World War II."

#### Roll of Honour

Harry Brown	Robert Lush
Bramwell Burry	Reginald Meadus
Clarence Burry	Peter Mullett
Clifford Burry	Peter Osmond
Eldon Burry	Darius Oakley
Joseph Burry	John Parsons
Melvin Burry	Arthur Peckford
Sandy Burry	Gordon Saunders
Sidney Burry	Isaac Saunders
Silvester Burry	Maxwell Saunders
Daniel Bragg	Randolph Saunders
Frederick Bragg	Albert Wakeley
Reginald Bragg	Austin Weay
Charles Butler	James Weay
Chesley Butler	Baxter Wheeler
Clarence Carter	Edward Wheeler
Mete Lockyear Carter	Frank Wheeler
Robert Crocker	Gordon Wheeler
Job Easton	Malcolm Wheeler
William Easton	Cluney Wicks
William Elliott	George White
Edgar Hoskins	James White
Samuel Hoskins	Raymond White
Wilbur House	Pierce Woodland
Charlie Janes	Samuel Woodland
	Albert Wright

We find in this list: Sixteen in Merchant Navy, Fourteen in Royal Navy; Ten in Forestry Unit; Five in Royal Artillery; Four in Home Guard at Strategic Points; one each in Royal Air Force and Royal Canadian Navy.

# NOTICE

## To Operators of Tourist Establishments

1. Under The Tourist Establishments Regulations, 1957, all establishments catering to the travelling public in the Province, must be in possession of a license from the Department of Tourist Development.

Establishments within the meaning of these regulations should obtain licences for the ensuing year on or before January 1st, 1958.

2. Penalties for failure to comply with the Tourist Establishments Regulations are provided for in Sec. 7, The Tourist Establishments Act (1950).

Every person who violates any of the provisions of any regulation made under this Act is guilty of an offence and liable on summary conviction to a fine of not more than one hundred dollars and in default of payment to imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months or to both such fine and imprisonment.

3. The term "Establishments" include the following classifications:

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CABINS

INNS

COTTAGES

LODGES

TOURIST HOMES

GUEST HOUSES

MOTELS

CABIN ESTABLISHMENTS

INN ESTABLISHMENTS

COTTAGE ESTABLISHMENTS

LODGE ESTABLISHMENTS

TRAILER ESTABLISHMENTS

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4. Where doubt exists as to the interpretation of the term "Establishments," clarification may be obtained from the Director of Tourist Development, St. John's.

5. Application form (Form 1) may be obtained from the

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CARBONEAR

Then came the Korean War and we have Greenspond represented in Walter Stratton (photo of him and others later), son of Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Stratton. Five years in Canadian Navy. I am reminded that I should go back to mention **Thomas Mullins as a Veteran of the Crimean War (1853-55)**. I knew Mr. Mullins when he was a very old man and I have good reasons to say that my correspondent is correct on this.

To all those mentioned above we have crossed the great divide to a land from which no man returns, let us quote from a classic poem by Colonel Theodore O'Hara (1820-1867) written a century ago:—

"The muffled drum's sad role has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few."

"On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead."

"Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While fame her record keeps;  
Or honour points the hallowed spot  
Where Valour proudly sleeps."

"Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor time's remorseless doom.  
Shall dim one ray of glory's light  
That gilds your glorious tomb."

### Addenda

I am sure we are all grateful for these remarks on Greenspond which appeared in the August number of the *Journal of Commerce*, the official organ of the Newfoundland Board of Trade. But I can't take too much credit myself for doing a little towards putting Greenspond back on the map—the people at home and abroad, who have contributed so much, are worthy of special mention. Thus it was said in the *Journal*:—

"The historic town of Greenspond got a shot in the arm with the installation of the fish filleting plant there two years ago. For more than a century Greenspond was one of the most thriving settlements in Bonavista Bay when her economy was tied to the cod and seal fisheries. Some of Newfoundland's finest mariners came from this place.

This grand old settlement also produced many professional men and women, including Robert Saunders, who has done so much to keep alive the history of his native town. His sister, Miss Louise Saunders, is one of the very few lady lawyers in the province.

Greenspond was fast fading out until the installation of the fresh fish filleting plant gave it a new lease on life. Now it is more than holding its own so far as population is concerned. The town council there has done a good job. Roads are in better condition and a good water supply has added to the convenience of the people."

(To be continued)

## When Nfld. Helped Save Canada

GAL—6

order to take very brief extracts from some of the Journals kept in besieged Quebec that fall and winter.



Thus:—"Every man slept in his clothes, his arms and accoutrements lay by his side." "All the officers and men on duty to parade . . . with shovels and snowshoes tomorrow morning." "In case of an alarm the

Town Sergeant and Mr. Wall with the Newfoundland and Halifax artificers will join the Corps de Reserve, the whole to assemble on the Grand Parade under the command of Major Nairn." "A sergeant of the Emigrants killed by accident." "The General has given orders to have everything in readiness and after the 14th (March) every man in the garrison is to sit up all night and be together in bodies." "Lost yesterday a spy glass, mounted in silver, whoever brings the glass to Lieut.-Col. Caldwell shall have four dollars reward." "The Great Bell of the Cathedral is not to ring, but in case of alarm; when it does ring every man to assemble at the Grand Parade." "A soldier of the Emigrants wounded mortally in the head." "Captain Laws, acting engineer, is appointed to command the artificers from Halifax and Newfoundland." "No person to command the chimney-sweepers from doing their duty." "A heavy N.E. wind with much snow. Snow in some places has drifted twenty feet high." "Palace Gate was opened and much wood was got in." "A man of Col. MacLean's regiment of Captain Malcolm Fraser's company killed on the two gun battery."

"This morning when the field officer of the day was going his rounds he halted a sentry who had not challenged him and was very angry for the sentry's negligence. "God Bless Your Honour," replied the Sentry, "I am glad you are come, for I am blind." On the officer examining him he found the man's eyes had watered with the severity of the cold and that his eye-lids were frozen together. His face was tender, he durst not rub them and the officer was obliged to carry him to the guard to be thawed." "The Marines and Col. MacLean's

## Along the Pathway of Life



- As folks get along on the pathway of life, with strength sometimes depleted, there is often need for a good tonic to give gentle and pleasing stimulus to appetite and to help the weakened system over difficult places. At such times there is seldom need for harmful drugs; the body just needs some good tonic-help. Often when the appetite lags a good tonic restarts the joys of living.

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Corps will continue their patrolling parties every morning till further orders."

"As this was St. Patrick's Day it was expected the Rebels would attack the town in hope that a great number of the garrison would be drunk. Greatly to the credit of the Irish, not a man was seen the least in liquor in the garrison." "MacLean announced that the officers of both French and British Militia had relaxed very much in their duty and threatened to shut up those who left their posts as had become the practice to go to supper. . . ." "We begin to look towards Point Levy for ships from England."

The ships arrived on May 5-6. On May 6 with reinforcements from these ships, the whole garrison marched out to the Plains of Abraham. The Emigrants with their flag of blue with red border and plainly inscribed "Royal Emigrants" had, as Dr. Lanctot says: "the place of honour, the right wing," as did also the Fusiliers. The Artificers, "the Corps de Reserve," were in the centre. The enemy, starved and his ranks thinned by smallpox, made not even a show of resistance, but scattered. A sterner affair took place in June at Three Rivers of which more later.

Let no one think that this historic siege was easily forgotten in the then Canada. Sir James Le Moine speaks of "the Grand Old National Gathering religiously kept up each 31st at Quebec by the survivors of Guy Carleton's fire-eaters." But it is the one hundred years, or centennial celebration of 1875 that is worth noting as a befitting end of this present article. At that time (1875) Lieut.-Col. T. B. Strange was the Commandant at Quebec. A brief extract from his address is worth inserting here. He said:

"What was the real state of the colony on that identical 31st. December one hundred years ago? Why, it was simply desperate. The wave of invasion had surged over our border . . . Montgomery with his victorious bands had borne everything before him like a tornado." (Extracts taken from LeMoine's writings).

One part of the historic gathering on this centennial year of 1875 as appeared in the local press and repro-

duced by Sir James LeMoine are the poetic verses from the 1775's and 1875's, thus:—

(The Men of 1775)

Commandant! we rise from our grave tonight,  
On the centennial of the glorious fight,  
At midnight just 100 years ago,  
We soldiers fought and beat the daring foe. . . .

(Response of 1875's)

To you we owe our banner still unfurled,  
Yet flaunts aloft defiance of the world:  
God grant in danger's hour we prove as true,  
In duty's path as nobly brave as you. . . .

This night we pass in revel, dance and song,  
The weary hours you watched so well and long,  
Mid storm and tempest met the battle shock,  
Beneath the shadow of the beetling-rock. . . .

What foemen found their winding sheet of snow,  
Where broad St. Lawrence wintry waters flow.  
Yes! once again those echoes shall awake,  
In thunders, for our ancient comrades sake.

(The Men of 1775)

We seek not history's bloody page to turn,  
For us no boastful words aggressive burn,  
Forgotten few, but undismayed we stand,  
The guardians of this young Canadian land.

(Response by 1875's)

Your gallant deeds will live in history's page,  
In fireside stories, told to youth by age;



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MRS. ARCH. ADAMS,  
Milton, Trinity Bay

WE regret to announce the passing of one of our old and faithful subscribers and correspondents in the person of Mrs. Arch. Adams of Milton, Trinity Bay.

Mrs. Adams, nee Ethel Pelly, spent her whole life from twelve years of age at Milton. She was a sincere Christian and was a life member of the Women's Missionary Society of George's Brook and was president for 24 years; she also contributed \$10.00 a year to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Mrs. Adams life was largely spent in helping others. Once when the wife of Rev. Moore was ill, just before she died, Mrs. Adams walked five miles through the snow in winter to nurse her and when Mrs. Moore died she took the children and went down and kept house while the minister took his wife to St. John's for burial.

Later in life she took that famous old lady, Aunt Emily Eastman and nursed her until she became a cripple and then, with the assistance of Miss Burry, they got her transferred to "Sunset Home" of the Salvation Army where she lived to past 90 years of age.

During her busy life Mrs. Adams, besides her many other activities in church and home, took in a motherless boy, Royal Cooper and educated him. When he was nineteen years of age he went overseas in forestry work and after eight months he transferred to the Air Force and trained as a pilot. He spent some time in night flying sorties over Germany and is now a pilot with Eastern Provincial Airways at Gander. Mrs. Adams was very proud of his record.

All her life Mrs. Adams exemplified the words of the old hymn:

"To the work, to the work,  
We are servants of God,  
Let us follow the path  
That the Master has trod."

She did just that—followed the path the Master had trod and has now been called home to her eternal rest, leaving many friends who will miss her kindly ministrations.

Return grim soldiers to your silent home,  
Where we, when duty's done, will also come.

(To be continued)

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**F**OOTNOTE to the story of "Brickmaking in Newfoundland" which appeared in the September issue. We were told that the building on the corner of Prescott Street in St. John's was built of brick from the Pelly brickyard more than fifty years ago and that on the fiftieth year Mr. Pelly offered to replace any brick that had deteriorated. On inspection, only SEVEN bricks were required to be replaced—a record that shows the

lasting quality of brick made at the Pelly Brickyard.

### SNOWY DAY

By Viola Gardner,

Oh, what is more gay than a snowy day  
When old mother earth has powdered her nose,  
And the trees dress up in filigree clothes,  
The universe naps in an ermine bed,  
And every hill boasts a boy and a sled!

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## THE FISHERMAN

By ROY LOWTHER

The fisherman's road is rugged and rough.  
Of hazard and worry he has enough.  
When winter has passed and the seas are mild  
He must leave his home, and his wife and child,  
Must trade for a shelf-like bunk his warm bed,  
Must slog through months with work half dead,  
With a small boat's space for his weary tread. . . .

For what? for security? surplus? success?  
For a lifelong gamble, a hope, a guess:  
One year fortune, the next two fail,  
And still he follows the sockeye's trail,  
For his son back home like a sunflower grows  
With keen young needs; so the gillnetter goes  
Down the one worn trail that he loves and knows. . . .

But the men like Marian are made of stuff  
That fights back stronger under treatment tough.  
Twenty hours daily for weeks and then  
Back next spring to do it again;  
And under his hands a handsome home,  
A life, a child with a chance, all come  
From his deep-ploughed furrow through his field of  
foam. . . .

But his wife's love must lie with its old foe fear,  
For Death hides down in the seiner's gear,  
And not one season the sea lets pass  
But a man, in his prime, breathes his wave-choked last;  
And a man like Marian with master's skill  
The wind's will may stem with a stronger will,  
Only to be the monoxide's kill. . . .

Let us look on each other with unweakened eye  
As we bid our beloved brother goodbye,  
Remember not that he died at last;  
Remember only his honored past:  
The fisherman poor and piled with debt  
For costly motor and shark-torn net,  
Who came up gentle and smiling yet. . . .

Remember the goodness he made an art  
With his workingman's hands, his workingman's heart;  
The wife and daughter whose glad eyes beamed  
When Daddy came home; the friends who streamed  
Here today—for this man never dislike gave.  
Remember the record of this Yugoslav.  
A citizen our Canada was proud to have.

Recited at the funeral of a B.C. fisherman; sent to his  
fellow-fishermen at the other end of our long land.

An hotel manager going along a corridor came across  
the "boots" on his knees outside a bedroom door busily  
engaged in cleaning a pair of boots.

"John," said he, "This is not the place to polish boots;  
take them downstairs at once."

"I'm sorry, sir," replied the man, "But there's a gentleman from Aberdeen on the other side of the door  
hanging on to the laces."

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## YE OLDEN TIMES IN CATALINA

(Continued from Page 8)

acted to regulate and encourage the fishing trade of Newfoundland. It was regarded and respected by the English merchant trader as a prime safeguard of their own exclusive rights in fishing and trading, and this law was in force for more than one hundred years. But to everything there is an end, and as the grip of the ship fishermen loosened, so also did that of the big West of England supply merchants. For now the voice of the planters (the voice of all the shore fishermen) began to rise to a shout.

They demanded justice and equality before the law; particularly the right to settle where they would, and fish as they liked, anywhere on the coast of the Island. This forced matters to a showdown, and so the first Supreme Court was set up in the Colony in the year 1792, continuing until 1809, but this Court did not function properly, for the ship-fishermen, and especially the big merchants, still influenced the Courts and their decisions were not always just.

The final result of all this was a complete investigation by the British House of Commons, not only of the Law Courts of the Island, but of the administration of justice in Newfoundland as well.

So in 1824, fifteen years later, the House of Commons passed the necessary Acts of Parliament under which the Supreme Court of the Island was established under a Royal Charter.

This was the death knell of the ship-fishermen and traders. Hitherto, most any man could sit on the Judge's Bench; now, the Chief Justice and his two assistants must be real Barristers at Law, with a real British training, and at least three years spent in practising law in England.

So came justice at last in the Courts of Newfoundland. For such men as these, hereafter, were not interested in anything but that real justice should be administered to all in the Island alike; and so a new era came to Newfoundland, that January morning of 1826. Gone forever the old tyranny of the Fishing Admirals and all others like them. From now on, equal justice to all.

In regard to the right of the ship-fishermen to control, for their own use, the best fishing stations in such places as Catalina, it is to be said, and we must not forget, that the west, north-west, and north sides of the harbour had been a fishing station of these men for more than three hundred years and the ship-owners came each May to the same stations. Not even the Fishing Admirals could change that.

The great injustice was that Catalina, particularly, instead of becoming a large settlement as it should in all these years, was allowed to be settled only by enough to suit the ship-fishermen's needs. Even the first settler, John Sheppard, and the others had to move from their first locations in front of the Church Look-out (near where now stand the Perry and Pomeroy houses) to their own new locations over on Sheppard's Point, or the East Point. Here they had more freedom and could have their own permanent fishing rooms. At the same time they could act as caretaker and repairmen for the big ship-fishermen from October to June. Good business for both sides; for it seems in all these years these early first settlers, and big ship-owners, worked together without much trouble. Yet there must have been a very few stayed all year on



the old locations, for there was a building used as a place of worship, and a schoolhouse south and west of School-house Pond.

Further on, toward Sutton's Pond, is an old cemetery with quite a few graves. The new road passes near here now. There is also a lane which did at one time, and still does, run from this old Church School site in a southerly direction to the harbour shore, between the G. Courage land and the Perry holding. This is a very old right-of-way and never be closed. This path or lane was for the use of all who lived around the shores of Catalina harbour; for remember that there was

probably not more than a footpath around the shore till after 1800, and the woods came down almost to the water's edge.

Except for this possible school and church I cannot find any trace of a place of worship, or any resident priest or minister, until 1800 or later.

To me this means that there was a place of worship between the present Methodist Church and the shore, and that people came here to worship every Sunday (by way of a punt or row-boat) from anywhere around the harbour, to land at a wharf or stage at the end of the lane, and so on up to the church. For these old settlers were God-fearing men who kept the Sabbath, and without doubt religious services were held here; perchance some Ship Captain leading the service, or a Layman, as in Bonavista in the early years.

It surely was not right that their spiritual needs were not filled, but anyway these early settlers of Catalina were men among men; law-abiding, God-fearing, even if their home country, in those early years, seemed to have forgotten all about them, except for the gold sovereigns their hard work poured into English coffers. So in all things these men did their own doings and did them well.

And now, 1820. Again it is a time of great change; the old regime is going fast, for about this time, or a little later, a great influx of new settlers—Newfoundlanders—all from Trinity and Conception Bays, and further south, came into Catalina to take up and settle permanently all the shoreline once occupied by the Bristolmen, and with these men came clergy who built new churches and school-houses, but the East Point went on unchanged, undisturbed.

My last trip to Catalina was 1935-37; two whole glorious years of prospecting, bird-hunting and troutling. Real enjoyment. Near the end of my stay, on a late September Sunday morning, I rose early, climbed the Lookout back of the Church, sat me down on a rock near the top to watch the rising sun come up, and to try and visualize the happenings on the harbour in front of me since "The Matthew" rounded Sheppard's Point the afternoon of June 24th, 1497.

First, I wondered what Cabot and his sailors thought of the swarms of birds on Green and Manuel's Islands in flight, disturbed by the ships passing them; of the

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cod and caplin rolling on the beach, jammed so tight together that the boat had to force its way through the snarl to get to the beach and land. "The Matthew" is moored in a wondrous stretch of water, more than three miles from the north-east to the south-west; far more like an Italian Lake than a salt water harbour. Yet, here was no sign of man or his works; the air was full of bird life, the sea with fish.

A few weeks to refit in this land of plenty, and then back to England. Next spring and every spring thereafter up to 1800 ships from Bristol and the Channel Islands came past the Point to fish here.

Three years passed. Now it is 1500. Another ship, flying the Portuguese flag, rounds the East Point, moving in towards the anchorage where there are several ships flying the English flag. As it passed a ship flying the English Royal Standard a cannon boomed and a round shot splashes spitefully across her bows. And so Cortereal came to Catalina and so was he welcomed, later to go south, name and explore Conception Bay and proceed further south. On his return to Portugal he arranged that settlers should be sent to this bay to form a settlement there. This was done the following spring and summer.

Now it is 1534; another ship was rounding the East Point; her flag the Lilies of France. She was not the first French ship to come to Catalina, but on board of her was Jacques Cartier, the greatest of them all, perhaps, forced by floating ice to come here and refit. He too stayed but a short time, then went on his way—east, north, south. He did so good a job for his King that France did not finally release her hold on his findings until nigh the close of the 19th century. But thereafter, through all the years, those who rounded the Point were mostly Englishmen; great seamen; great men in as far as the sea went.

Gilbert and all the others. What a pageant passed before my eyes. And I thought if those boulders here could only talk what might they tell me: Perhaps, even, they might tell me about St. Brenden and how he, with his twelve monks, on his voyage of discovery (as Paddy Casey claimed) visited Catalina in the sixth century and named the coast "The Land of Birds," even Bird Islands.

Perhaps oars flashed again as Lief with his Norsemen came around the Point in the eleventh century; here they too could have picked Partridge-berries or Linden-berries to make their Berry Wine, so it could be Vine-land.

But now the sun is up, and folks are stirring so I must move. It was hard to take my eyes away but I rose, took a last long look around me and tried to think for a moment of those who lived and died on these same slopes in the past—now almost four hundred years. Back to the Perry house and breakfast. A week later I am on the sea, bound for Boston.

Almost an old man now, I decided I could at least try to put Catalina on the map once again, or get someone else started to write the same story; for in my mind, without any doubt, there is a story well worth the telling.

NOTE: 1774 was the year of the "Great Storm." The settlers of the time called it "Starvation Year." I have heard old people say, when I was a boy, that the old folks told me there was no wheat flour, no salt pork or beef to be had. Only corn meal, and up to 1880 you

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could not hire any Newfoundlander to eat corn meal; "Hoss Food," they called it. They had all the corn meal they wanted during "Starvation Year" to last them for always. The cause: the storm and an embargo placed on all trade with Newfoundland by the other New England Colonies. But how come the corn meal? Where from?

There must have been good money to be made by fishing, or in the Newfoundland Trade. Take, for example, the firm of John Slade of Poole, England; place of business principally Trinity. When he died in 1792, he left a fortune computed to be at 150,000 pounds sterling—a tremendous sum of money for those days, and all made in the Newfoundland trade. And yet this firm went bankrupt by 1880, owing immense sums of money to the settlers of the Island who had been using the firm as we would now use a bank. And this was the cause of much suffering. It is indeed strange, but it is true that no fish trading business in the outports survives more than three generations. There are chances of big profits, true, and also likely to be tremendous losses—enough in one season to put any firm out of business or cripple it beyond recovery.

**Editor's Note:** This concludes the story of Catalina in "Ye Olden Times," and we regretfully leave this record of an outport whose inhabitants helped in no small measure to shape the destiny of the eastern seaboard of Newfoundland. However, we are happy to announce that beginning with the Spring edition we will start "Memories of an Old-Timer" who faithfully tells of his own lifetime in Catalina. It is a heart-warming story of outport life from the Seventies of the last century to the Thirties of the present.—Ed.

## IN TICKLE COVE HARBOUR

By FRANK KELLEY

In Tickle Cove harbour attractions are few,  
But it has lately been brought in the public view;  
And of late there's a rush to beat Stag Bay of old,  
For in Otter Gulch Cove there's digging for gold.

It was late in October, the 23rd day,  
When the clanging of crowbars re-echoed the bay,  
When well armed with shovels and mattocks galore,  
The diggers arrived near by Otter Gulch shore.

It was just about dawn when the first on the scene  
Saw loose paper flying all over the green;  
Soon spread the report of the traces he found,  
And the news was soon wafted all over the town.

Two men from St. John's that we all know well,  
Tho' it's not my intention their names for to tell;  
With bundles of fuse and some dynamite,  
Arrived on the bank to go digging that night.

The next on the scene was the Tickle Cove men,  
Who, taking their shovels, at once did begin;  
They threw off their coats and like miners of old,  
Soon had the sods flying in digging for gold.

They dug up great stones and charcoal also;  
Rust reached the surface, their hopes were aglow;  
And to raise up their spirits with the joy of it too,  
A monstrous big chest appeared to their view.

They dug up tarr'd paper right from the iron mine,  
And bright shiny gravel, old nails and birch rhind,  
And water washed rocks that had long lain sideways  
Supposed to be buried in old pirate days.

It was Captain Kidd's treasure! of that they were sure!  
They'd soon find the chest, yes! perhaps three or four!  
They dug with a vim that would shame a wild cat,  
When all of a sudden they struck something flat.

It was iron, no doubt, and to scrape off the clay  
Each man piled his shovel to haul it away;  
The chest sounded hollow, 'twas certainly gold!  
Old Captain Kidd's treasure, five hundred years old.

They all were determined to prize up the thing;  
The pick handles bent and the shovels did ring;  
But when 'twas raised up each man had to stop  
For instead of a chest 'twas the side of a pot!

If you were in the district when they started the drive,  
It would do your heart good if you chanced to survive;  
The merchants were supplying to beat Ridley of old  
On the strength of your finding the Otter Gulch gold.

From a stick of tobacco to a bottle of booze,  
They'd hand it all out when they heard the good news;  
From a quart of molasses to a Waterloo stove,  
You could take what you wanted in Otter Gulch Cove.

It is not all over, so I heard people say,  
It's spreading like measles all over the bay;  
They're coming from Red Cliff in dozens and scores  
To dig in the moonlight on Otter Gulch shore.

The Tickle Cove diggers joined in with the crowd;  
There's a babel of voices most boisterous and loud;  
The sacking of Jericho was only a screech  
To the night in the snow upon Otter Gulch beach.

My song it is ended, the gold is not found!  
There's a man very sore that they tore up his ground.  
The merchants are sorry they hadn't held down  
Till they saw old Kidd's keg lifted out of the ground.

So take my advice and go home with your picks,  
Or else they'll be stolen like Johnnie's and Dick's;  
Let the Fahey's fellers rest that their spirits may rove,  
Where there's nothing but beach rocks in Otter Gulch Cove!

(Editor's Note:—The above lines were written in 1925 by the late Frank Kelley of Tickle Cove, Bonavista Bay. They came into our possession recently and we give them space with a warning that if you go digging for gold, make sure of your facts first).

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## THE DEADHEAD

(Continued from Page 5)

It is almost more than a man might care to believe, but poor Tom was hardly buried when the fish began to bite like mad. In spite of her late start the "Matilda" was loaded and weighing her anchor for home before any of the other schooners had made up their catch.

A light and variable wind died away at noon and a fog bank rolled up from the South, and when I turned in that evening the "Matilda" lay becalmed in a small grey world. I do not know how long I slept before awaking with an unaccustomed feeling of unease. As the "Matilda" rolled and pitched in the ground swell the water gurgled around her with a sound like the death rattle of an expiring man; her working seams groaned most dolefully; while at intervals the idle sails swung over with resounding claps like minute guns booming for the dead. I was beginning to think that it was these sounds which had awakened me when I became aware of another, very faint but clear—the sound of bare feet padding across the deck above my head.

Suddenly I was jolted into complete wakefulness by a vigorous shouting from the helmsman.

"Skipper," he called as father ran on deck with me close on his heels, "There's someone on this ship as oughtn't be! He's been sneakin' around this half hour or more, but I never got suspicious till he wouldn't answer when I passed the time o' night with him. Maybe 'tis one of they murderin' Mountain Indians as 'll slit our throats for us while we lie a-sleepin'."

"If there's a stowaway aboard we'll soon find him," answered father cheerfully.



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In truth, there are few enough places on a fishing schooner for anyone to hide; but a careful check of the ship failed to turn up anyone who had no right to be aboard. Soon the crew returned to the after deck, more than one inclined to laugh at old Follett for his lively imagination and nervousness. The old man was protesting angrily when one of the shares-men, Jim Byrnes, came to his defence.

"Follett's right," he declared, "I heard them footsteps meself. And more than that, I knows what made them!"

We all turned to look at him.

"Speak up, man," Father ordered, "if you know anything, let's have it!"

"More than once on our way North," Jim explained, "I woke up to hear poor Tom Hoskins paddlin' around. I got to know his footsteps. It was him as walked our deck just then."

There was a strained, uneasy silence, and more than one man turned to look nervously over his shoulder. Seeing the effect Jim's words were having, Father spoke up briskly. "Don't be such an old woman," he said, "You

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know poor Tom lies back there amongst the rocks of Labrador."

"And a spirit can't cross over water," I put in, referring to a belief then current among fisherfolk.

"Not without a boat, it can't," replied Jim doggedly, "but we all know how bad poor Tom wanted to get back home. What was his very last words, I'd like to know? Whether you like it or not, Skipper, this be a haunted ship."

We were a silent, thoughtful lot as we started back to our still warm bunks, conscious of the dark cloud of mystery closing down upon us like the first wisps of a fog bank rolling in from the horizon. Twice again during that night I was roused from uneasy slumber by the soft, yet awesome, sound of these unseen footsteps. There was not a night of that protracted and stormy voyage when we did not hear them many times over during the long night watches.

What a change came over the once happy "Matilda." She was now a terror-ridden ship. At night the watch on deck waited, nervous and impatient, almost dashing to the sanctuary of the forecabin which their reluctant relief had been so loath to quit. There they hung close to the smoky light of the swinging lamp, casting apprehensive glances at the one empty bunk or into the dimly lighted recesses of the fore peak. Even by day men hung together in close knit knots, as if the unknown were less terrible when faced in company. We started at every sound, glancing askance behind us as if compelled to look, yet fearful lest we see something that were better unseen!

You may laugh at us as a pack of credulous fools, if you wish, and declare that there are no such things as ghosts; but I tell you, I know what I am talking about. I was there! Chills of horror still race up and down my spine when I recall that one grey dawning as I stood on lookout near the windlass and heard one of my shipmates come up behind me. I turned to speak to him and there was nothing there but wisps of wind stirred vapour. Or was it vapour?

In all that ship of fear my father alone walked calm and undismayed, as if what was happening were no more than might naturally be expected. For him the words "We are encompassed with a great cloud of witnesses," had a real and literal meaning.

At last came that happy day when we had Cape Bonavista on our starboard bow. Then men began to breathe easily again, thinking that, with luck, they might sleep this night undisturbed in feather beds at home. Suddenly there was a gasp of dismay, and as one man the crew ran mutinously aft when father, who was steering at the time, spun the wheel and sent the ships prow pointing into Trinity Bay.

"You fools," roared Father at the protesting crew, more angry than I had ever seen him, "by your unkindness you brought poor Tom to an untimely end. And now you would deny his dying wish! Would you have the "Matilda" a haunted ship for ever?"

"Skipper's right," declared Jim Byrne, who claimed to know much of the supernatural. "We've got to put Tom's spirit ashore, or he'll haunt us for the rest of our days."

By noon we hove to off the island which had been Tom's home, and a dory with Tom's chest in it was swung over the side. Father, intending himself to break the sad news to the lad's family, seated himself in the stern. He was hardly aboard when the dory took off with almost incredible speed. The two men at the oars were evidently anxious to be rid of whatever passengers they might be carrying!

It was late when my father returned to the ship, and his face was drawn and tired. There was tension all over the boat, for the long delay had dashed what hopes we might have had of gaining our home port that night.

It was with mixed feelings that we waited the coming of darkness, hardly daring to welcome it yet hoping that our time of terror might be past. Our fears proved groundless. There was no uncanny noises to disturb our slumbers. Never, from that time onwards, did the footsteps of other than mortal men ring upon the deck of the old "Matilda."

Many a winter's evening when folk gathered around the cheer and comfort of a leaping fire, have I heard old Jim Byrnes chill their blood with this story of fear and mystery. He always ended his story with these words—

Tom Hoskins spirit was at rest.  
He was home again.

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## THE POSTMAN KNOCKS

Sir,—We are very pleased to buy a subscription for another year. We and our friends are interested in the **Quarterly** and read it with great interest. It has been 48 years since I left Newfoundland—Alexander Bay, Bonavista Bay. When I read the articles it brings back memories of my home there. I paid a visit home three years ago and plan to return again in 1958.

—D. B. B., Vancouver.

Sir,—Just a note to congratulate you on your September issue, especially your editorial and the historical articles by Dr. Saunders. I trust the Newfoundland Historical Society (p. 23) is still flourishing.

—W. K., Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

Sir,—Enclosed you will find subscription to your grand little magazine.

—B. T., King's Cove, B.B.

Sir,—I greatly enjoy your magazine, it contains fine reading matter and its historical accounts about the early days in Newfoundland are very interesting as are the fiction and non-fiction stories. How about another story from the pen of A. R. Scammell? I really enjoyed his "Culling Board" tale. Also the poems are fine. I am a poet myself and hope to contribute to your magazine in the near future.

—I. C., Windsor, Nfld.

Sir,—We always enjoy every bit of the **Quarterly**, especially, of course, the "Greenspond Saga."

—(Mrs.) T. H., Greenspond.

Sir,—Please find enclosed one dollar. I would like to receive the **Quarterly**. I am down here on vacation for a few weeks.

—(Mrs.) C. R. McK., Nova Scotia.

Sir,—As a Newfoundlander, it is a great joy to receive the **Quarterly**. I taught school plus in the ministry for fifteen years. Last autumn I had the privilege to visit on the occasion of Canon Meaden's Consecration as Bishop of Newfoundland. I went as Bishop Loring's Chaplain, the first time an American Episcopal Bishop visited there in an official capacity, and to take a native Newfoundlander with him as Chaplain, was unique. Wishing the **Quarterly** every success.

—(Rev.) W. E. B., Maine, U.S.A.

Sir,—I received the September **Quarterly** which is full of interesting Newfoundland tales and history. There is so much history in Newfoundland that few realize its worth. It is to be found in the homes, the Bibles, and in the graveyards and the old homestead burying-grounds. Some of these days our Province will be able to found a museum—like the Quebec museum on the Plains of Abraham—which is the show-place of Quebec city.

I appreciated Mr. A. R. Scammell's article, also Dr. Robert Saunders' two articles, one on Greenspond and the other "When Newfoundland Helped Save Canada." I noticed in the map of the Siege of Quebec in 1778 by Montgomery and Arnold, one of the attacking parties came from Newburyport in Boston Bay. Last summer

I spent a holiday there and found many interesting connections between early Newfoundland history and Boston. My family name—Jackman—is one of the earliest settlers in the Boston Bay area—1634-1657. They are the same family which settled in Renewals about 1634, and were brothers. They came from Exeter in Devonshire.

It is an interesting fact of history that Jackman, Maine, and Capt. Jackman, Sir Henry Morgan's pirate chief lieutenant, who was killed at the Battle of Panama, were all from the Newburyport Jackmans. I would appreciate it if Dr. Saunders could get the names of the expedition that set sail from Newburyport, because if there were any Jackmans among them he would have been the man who cut the road from Quebec City to the Portland area; maybe the experience of the invasion remained in his mind. The super-highway, now called the Jackman Highway, may have been a relative of the Renewals Jackmans, where Captain William and Captain Arthur were born.

Hoping God will give you good health and many years of faithful publication.

—Dr. L. J. J., Montreal, Que.

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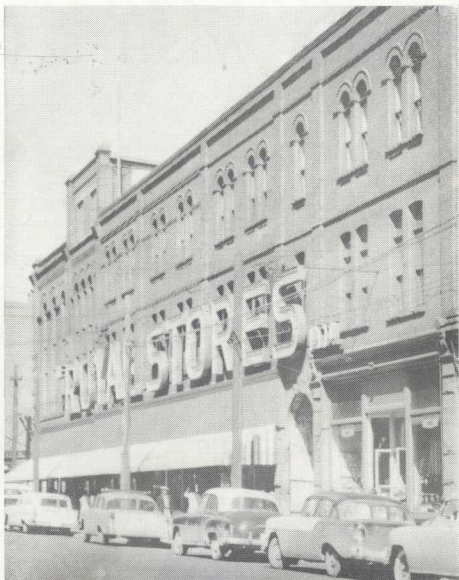
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